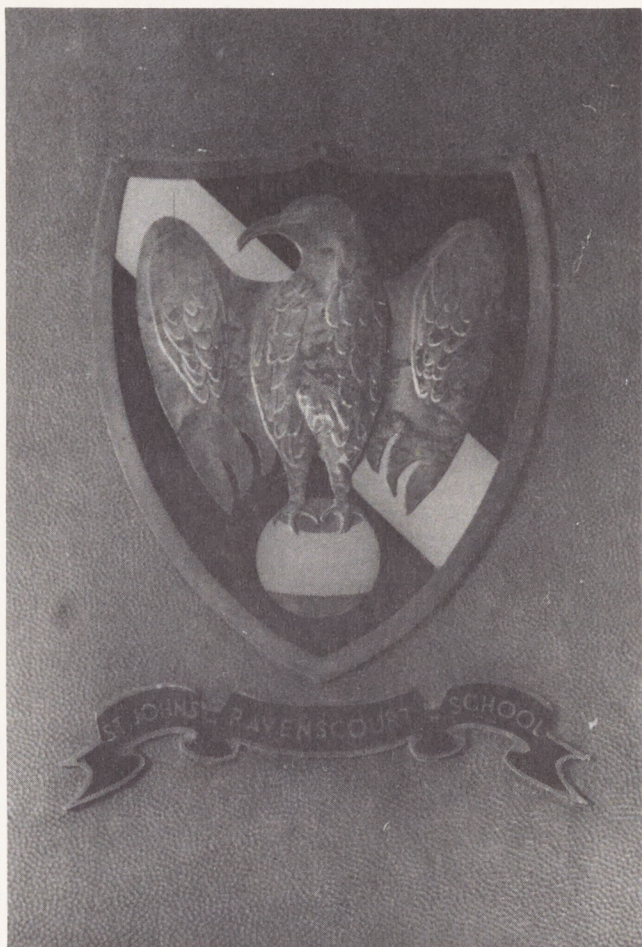


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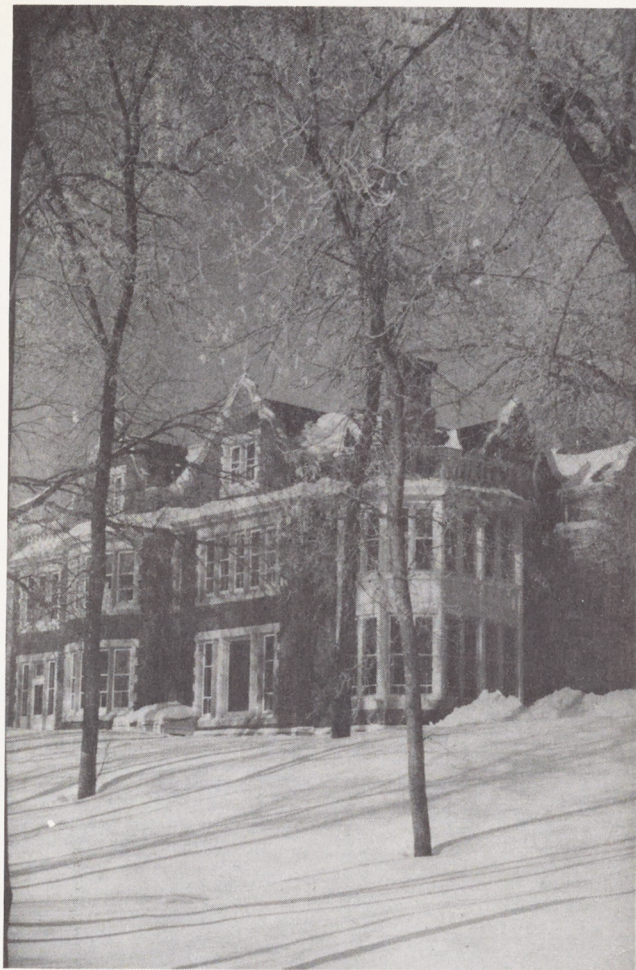
THE EAGLE



Stephan Krueger









# The Eagle



1965-1966

*St. John's - Ravenscourt*

*Fort Garry*

*Winnipeg 19*

*Manitoba*

*Number 16*





This issue of the Eagle is respectfully dedicated to Mr. George N. Andison and all others who, by their hard work and generosity made the new building possible.

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This page is dedicated to all those who are working so hard to protect St. John's-Ravenscourt from the flood threat of the Spring of 1966.







## *Headmaster's Foreward*

This afternoon it is twenty degrees below zero. At the edge of the field outside my office window there are great mounds of snow, left when the parking lot was cleared. Little grade ones and twos are climbing them, playing 'king-of-the-castle' and tumbling down into the drifts at their foot. By the time these words appear in print, however, the grass will once more be green, the leaves back on the trees, and another school year will be over.

To those of you whom this year is your last, I extend my warm wishes for future success and happiness. I hope you will keep in touch. We do not lose interest in you when you leave and we hope you will not lose interest in us.

To those who have worked hard and cheerfully for the success of this year my grateful thanks. The happiness of a school and its reputation reflect the spirit of its boys.

To Paul Wilson and his yearbook staff I can only express the hope that, after all their hard work, they feel that the book is as good as they hoped it would be at the time I wrote this foreward.

R.L. Gordon  
Headmaster





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*Mr. Geith*

Mr. Geith attended the University of Manitoba where he obtained his B.Sc. and sequences in math, physics, and chemistry. He also holds a certificate in education. Mr. Geith teaches grades eight to twelve in mathematics and helped sportwise in soccer. Two of his favorite hobbies are reading and chess. We sincerely hope his stay with us is a long and pleasant one.



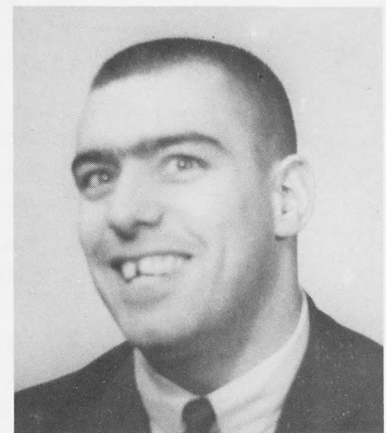
*Mr. MacKenzie*

Mr. MacKenzie came to S.J.R. after teaching in Calgary for a year. He has taught previously in Winnipeg and was schooled here. The holder of a B.Sc. degree from the University of Manitoba, Mr. MacKenzie enjoys chemistry which he teaches to most of Upper School. Mr. MacKenzie takes an avid interest in all sports and is often found lending the volleyball and basketball teams a hand. He is also interested in skiing. Mr. MacKenzie is married and spends much of his time with his young family. Welcome to S.J.R. Mr. MacKenzie.

## *New Staff*

*Mr. Girard*

Mr. Girard, new this year as a teacher, has had past experience at S.J.R. From 1953 to 1959 he attended the school and his picture hangs in the dining hall among the School Captains of yesteryear. After attending the University of Saskatchewan, Mr. Girard has returned to S.J.R. He drives most of the Upper School through P.T. and teaches composition to the grades eights and nines. Coaching the Senior Football team and playing for the St. Vital Bulldogs occupy most of Mr. Girard's time. We welcome him back to S.J.R. and wish him the best of luck.



*Mr. Leonard*

Mr. Leonard attended the University of Western Ontario and has taught in Ontario for two years. He now teaches English to most of the Upper School. An active participant in sports, Mr. Leonard coached the Bantam Football team in co-operation with Mr. Petrencik and Mr. Bredin. He is a qualified referee in baseball, basketball, and hockey; playing hockey himself as a goalie. He is married and has two children. We wish Mr. Leonard the best of luck in the future.







BACK ROW: Mr. Stewart, Mr. Leonard, Mr. MacKenzie, Mr. Shepard, Mr. Geith, Mr. Glegg, Mr. Girard, Mr. Beare.  
 MIDDLE ROW: Mr. McLeod, Mr. Wellard, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Maurer, Mrs. Perreault, Mrs. Nagy, Mr. Gorrie, Mr. Olsen.  
 FRONT ROW: Miss House, Mr. Ainley, Mr. Waudby, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Bredin, Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Petrencik.  
 MISSING: Mrs. Murray, Mrs. MacNamara, Mrs. Barrett, Mr. MacKenzie.



# Editorial..

## "HEROES ARE BORN, NOT MADE"

As editor of the yearbook one of my responsibilities is to write the editorial for the Eagle. I have been trying to write one for weeks; today is the deadline and deadlines must be met even by editors.

The Eagle room is in the basement of the gymnasium; as a matter of fact my desk is many feet below the predicted crest of the Red River this year, and at the moment there does not seem to be much chance of the Red River not coming into this very room in a short time.

A few weeks ago Mr. Gordon, in his Sunday Chapel talk, spoke about the flood emergency. In so doing he developed his thesis that in times of emergency some people shine forth as heroes and others do not. He spoke of the fact that when heroes do emerge it is not by accident but because they have had within them that potential all their lives. It takes an emergency to bring that potential out. I think that I would not shine forth; at the moment if the Red River did come in here, I would not have to finish putting together the Eagle.

However, I hear rumours that Euclids are to be brought in and that our dykes are to be raised to thirty feet. Instead of a massive sandbagging operation by the dayboys and weekly boarders through the holidays, we will have to build a dyke of sandbags only where the machines cannot operate.

To many of us has come the realization that this

action may save our school. But this has not been the only time when SJR has needed to be saved and it will not be the last. When the emergencies arise in the life of St. John's-Ravenscourt will we be heroes or cowards?

About a month ago we had a blizzard on a Friday. It soon became apparent that the weekly boarders could not go home on Friday afternoon as usual. Those who stamped their feet and bullied their parents over the telephone about not being able to get to the Winter Club, were not made of the stuff of heroes. But fortunately heroes did emerge and school went on as usual — or as usual as it could with no dayboys and half a staff.

During the recent production of *Murder in the Cathedral* heroes emerged; despite a major flu epidemic, a blizzard and a threatened flood, the members of the cast were determined to add to the list of successful SJR dramatic productions, and they did.

In my time at the school I have seen many emergencies arise — I have seen major problems in the life of the school, discipline problems with the boys, staff problems, problems in raising money for new buildings, problems in the kitchen, health problems and so on — but in the face of each emergency for those who have stamped their feet there have been at least an equal number who have "grasped the nettle firmly" and got on with the job.

Paul Wilson, Editor

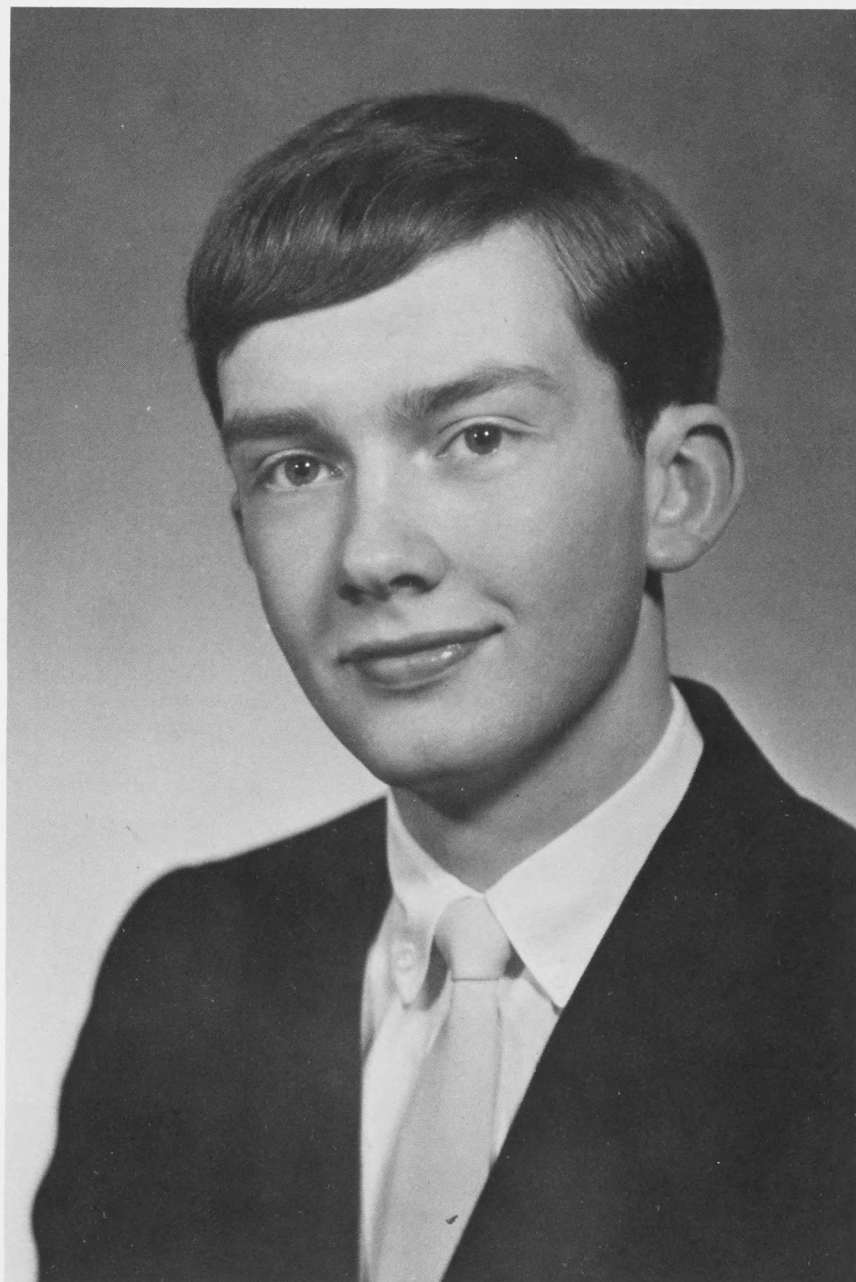


BACK ROW: Fraser, Nanson, Cottic, Sprague.  
FRONT ROW: Naiman, Leatherdale, Wilson, Mcgaughey, Pilbrow.

## The Eagle Staff

Editor-in-chief	Wilson
Assistant Editors	Leatherdale, Mcgaughey
Photography	Nanson, Sprague
Sports	Kiddell
Art Work	Kirby
Head of Advertising	Cottic
Proofing	Pilbrow
Staff Advisor	Gordon D. McLeod



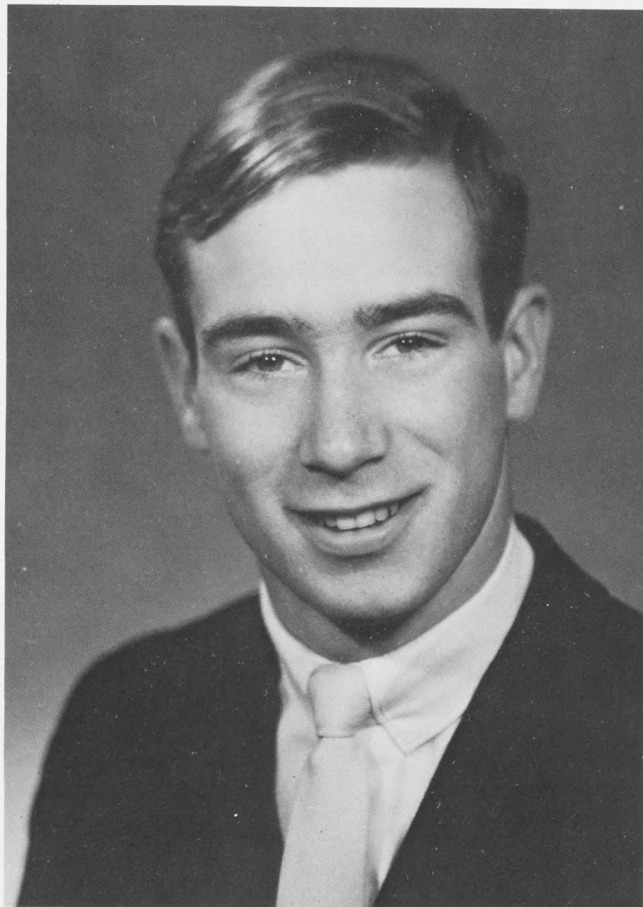


## *The School Captain*

Block, our 16th School Captain, who came to SJR in grade eight has distinguished himself in both Academics and Athletics. He won various scholastic prizes in grade eight and nine and in grade eleven he became a Junior Prefect and co-editor of the *Eagle*.

In his senior year he became our School Captain and Advertising Editor for the *Eagle*. The Physics scholar also made the Bisley Rifle Team, as well as playing a leading role of a priest in the School's production of "Murder in the Cathedral." Our Great VolkswaGONE driver was one of the Greater brains in the class but unfortunately met his match in math class with John Nanson.

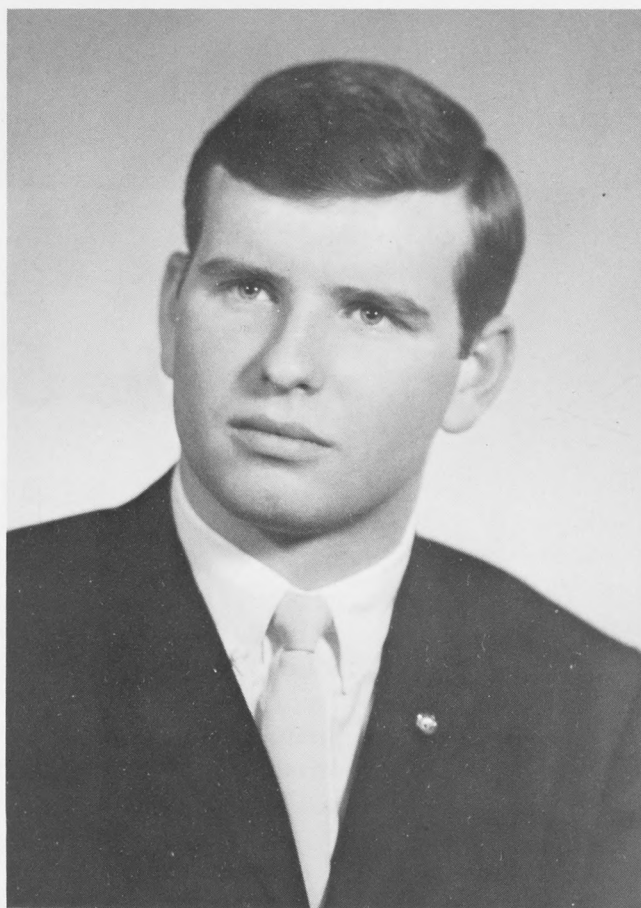




MUIR MEREDITH: Meow put a liberal amount of work into his relationship with people. Pussycat played senior football, volleyball, and basketball this year (when he was in the mood). Preferring girls farther from Winnipeg, Muir left the girls alone this year. Muir occasionally commented on the teaching methods in maths class. Teaching others fluent and hardy Spanish phrases, our ski fan was also a priest in the school play. Good luck in commerce next year Muir, may no black cats cross your path.

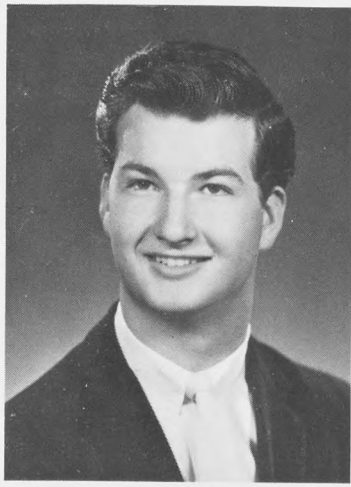
## *The Vice-Captains*

PETER HAMMOND: Wally, one of our school Vice-Captains, was an excellent football player and made a cracking good show in one St. Paul's game. Also a senior hockey player, Pete never hogged the puck. Our hefty judo expert knocked the stuffings out of Mr. Girard during P.T. class. English class was usually interspersed with Pinky accusing Mr. McLoed of "reading something into the matter" i.e. English. Mitch and company used Wally's room to experiment in colored lighting and pink proved positively the most preferable pigment. In conclusion, Pete is a great guy and we wish him a rosy future.



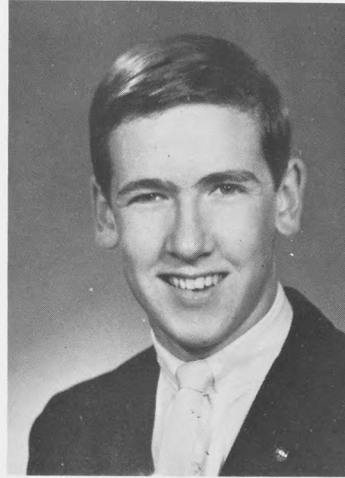
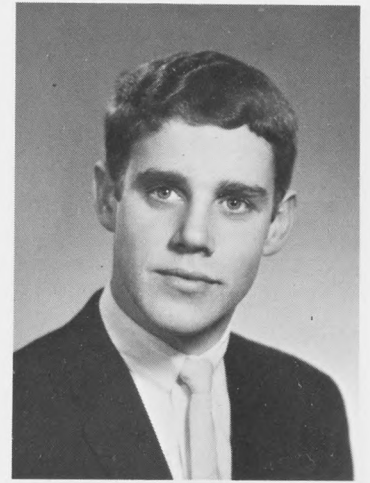


## Graduates



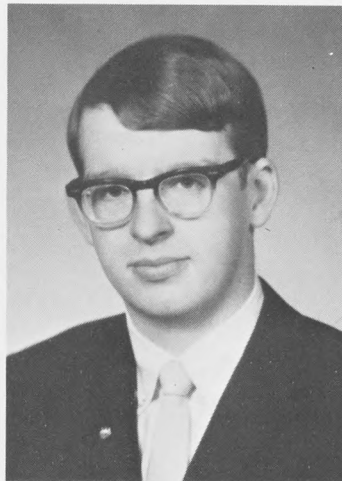
**MICHAEL BROOK:** The big "M" was a senior prefect this year and got along very well with all the masters. Mike threw his weight around on the football field and also played senior volleyball. Dropping basketball for education, Mike got the expected results. "Baby Huey" had many a one sided love affair this year and proved to be the perfect dorm-mate for Brooks. Retarded in the sports field because of a bad back, we hope Mike has a quick recovery and a happy future in Calgary.

**BILL GRAY:** What with organizing the carnival, taking a role in the school play, being the first dayboy prefect, and patting out other small problems, our popular "devoted" Socred politician managed to fit in football and hockey. Bumf, Liz's friend (?), Lallyed around Fort William, but eventually fell a victim of G.G. (Gabby Goldthorp).



**JOHN KIDDELL:** Before caging the female field, John was a Feld man until he was struck by the dirty "M." J.B. was all broken up because he did not play football this year. Due to a fractured left wing, stump became the top garbage man on the Senior Hockey Team. Our red-haired senior prefect was miscast in the play as a priest. His greatest ambition was discovered to be to catch up in either algebra, geometry, physics, or chemistry. Good luck John, in this and your many other ambitions.

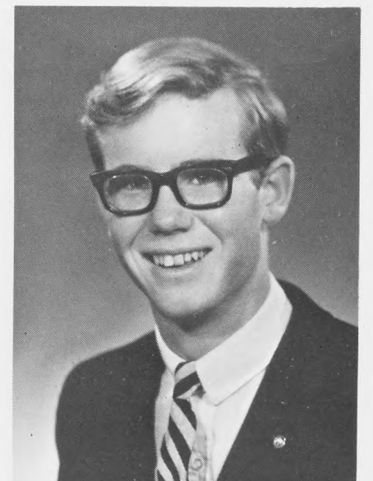
**JAMIE McDONALD:** A first term day bug, our pun-filled Frog jumped to become a boarder and prefect second term. This cool quarterback left football after two games with a gibbled right hopper. He toured General Hospital for a week, sure he was going to croak. Our C.O. was on the shooting team. An active track and field man, Chopper Jr. was often heard saying: "Come on Schlude, slow down, huh?" Caught in a one cow stampede, Frog dispersed his distress in a pilgrimage to Vancouver, co-driving Wilson's Mustang last Christmas Holidays. We hope Trent University can survive his humour next year.



**JIM MACDONALD:** Our favorite vegetable tried to sprout muscles in the wright room this year, but not to much turniped. Veg played senior soccer and was rooted to the volleyball courts in late fall. Jim also branched out as a senior prefect this year. Carrot top proved an admirable consular in settling many of the problems which cropped up on the third floor and was unsuccessfully trying to improve Nanson's appearance all year. We are certain that Jim will harvest his share of the high marks in June. Lettuce wish him luck.



**ANGUS CAMPBELL:** Straightened out from last year "Gus-Gus" found that he played senior hockey and senior football — his own claim to fame being Mag's garbage man. He is easily recognized by his running in confused circles or by the crash of his geometry set. Our hard working mouse tried, in vain, to spread his compassion for mustard to other tables, but Kirb stopped him for good.

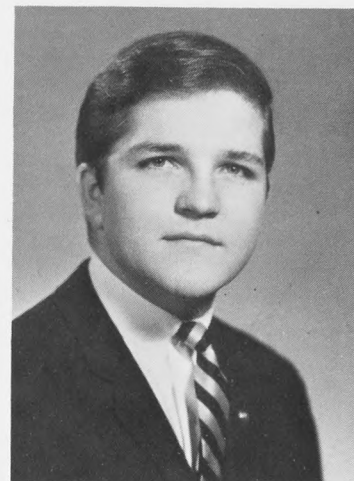




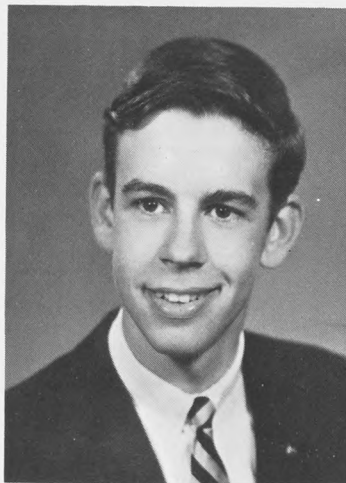


## Graduates

**PETER FAHLGREN:** (Burp) Pete played senior football like a mad dog this year. Every morning, Pete could be heard issuing his challenge to the prefects. . .snore! The future mayor of Red Lake attained puberty a long time ago and since then, his bass voice has been indispensable to the choir. Bow-wow continued to disprove the rumor that his bark was worse than his bite. Our dainty ballerina was a worthy addition to the play, although some people said: "I wouldn't send a dog out as a knight like this."



**BOB CALQUHOUN:** Our ski bum hopes to make the '69" Olympics. Again fulfilling his function as S.J.R.'s only full-time-weekly-day-boy, he rode the freights as box and brake man and he always talks about his ties with the railway. The cry of the Aborigine (heh-heh-heh) sounded from the back of many a class. Our serious athlete could be seen "looming up afar" on the ski slopes of every ski resort in Manitoba and Ontario. Good in the hospital.

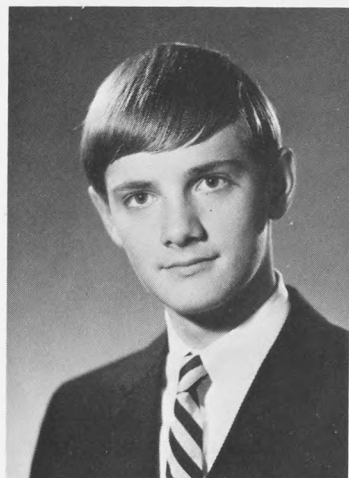


**DAVID FITZJOHN:** "Fitz" played senior soccer and, along with Schwartz, co-ordinated the Monday Options, the self help tutorial system, and founded the S.J.R. International Tennis Team. To stoke his mathematical genius, Dave acquired more than his usual amount of food at lunch. Our Red River Scholar's lax attitude towards chem in no way detracted from his high standings (supported by his size 12 sneakers).

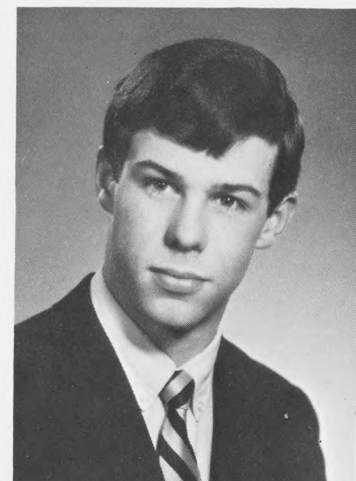
**IAN FRASER:** WHO IS DOPEY? I.F. perhaps. Dope was an active member of the sixth: tied for highest scorer in the soccer team (one goal), proficient in badminton, cross-country, volleyball, ping-pong, and basketball. Missing the occasional chem class, Sport could often be found running off a rush issue of the Apteryx. Ian was somewhat surprised to find "son amie" going to the lake in the winter, but managed to get around somehow. Ian hopes to attend Queen's next year where he'll have his own maid.



**CRAIG FRANCIS:** Cheating barbers on Wednesday nights by giving haircuts for a quarter, Frunky was also the co-builder of Thunker City and the inventor of the Great Ice Wall. Jean Pierre changed school traditional dress with his jeans and cowboy boots. Craig was center in senior football and a member of the senior basketball team. He also proved to be a definite asset in physics and maths.

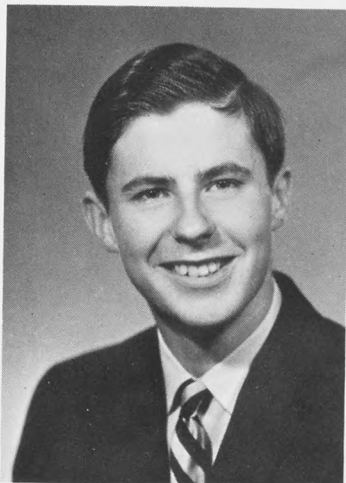


**BILL GARDNER:** Our royal highness condescended to join the ranks of the dayboy class this year. Being good Samaritans, we collected misplaced (??) books and returned them to their respective owners?? Exalting the football field, Bill only made one big slip this year. 'Godner' also graced the hockey rink and found time to direct master's classes. Bill received due gratitude. Joining mortals in the play this year, Coifi chose to play the role (of a tempter). We wish Bill the best of luck at U. of M. next year.

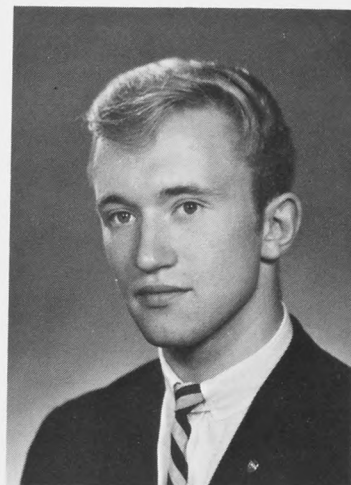




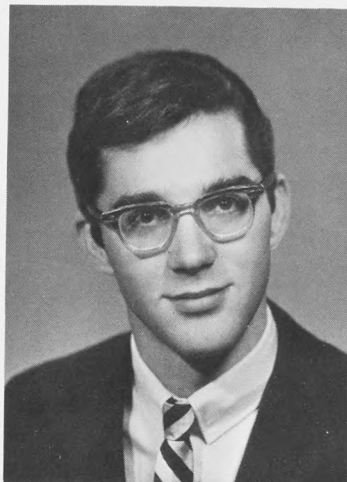
## Graduates



**DON HONEYMAN:** Honk excelled in football, hockey, volleyball, and syndicate functions. Spending most of his time under the kitchen counter, Don also had a tickertape affair with a guy from Frik-a-Frak (that well known metropolis). Supercycle can be seen (if you don't blink) decimating the canine class. Stovelly and Honk constantly conspired to blow up the chem lab although they never pulled it off.

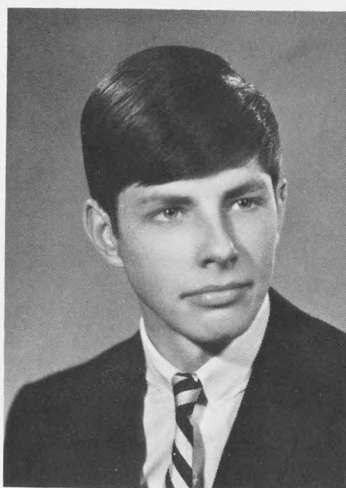


**DEREK GREENIAUS:** Gwad was the goal-den boy of the senior soccer team and could afterwards be found in the rifle range. His ambition is to present a mink coat to his mother (!?). Our fearless hunter is rapidly driving the wildlife of St. James to extinction. Der took time out from his studies to swing at dances. However, under the calming influence of David B., Derek concealed the true nature of his character.



**JOHN KIRBY:** Our St. Vital spectacle skied, played senior soccer, took absentee slips to the office and ran the cross-country this year. Our only practical joker would fume when he came back from hunting without a deer. Our three wheeled (steering wheel and two other wheels) driver plans to get a B.S.A. 50 for more power, and thus we wish him luck. (don't go too fast, John).

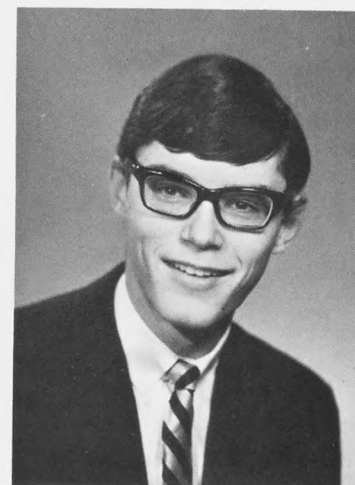
**DOUG MACDONALD:** Lou played rather a rough game of football, bowser ball, and basketball, somehow managing to get away with the dirtiest moves. Besides continuing his revision of the English language, Lou disposed his talents on French, much to the grief of Mr. Glegg. Doug spent most of his weekends bouncing off curbs with Pill. Lou, Nanson's dorm-mate, was recognizable from lengthy distances because of his unique and piercing laugh.



**GREG KLASSEN:** Cassius made a big hit with his Honda this year, much to Frog's delight. Our slightly nosey character doesn't shave much and thus, he is often seen with the fuzz. Our hard working physics fan made a big hit with Mike this year and great things are expected from him next year (at the Frats).

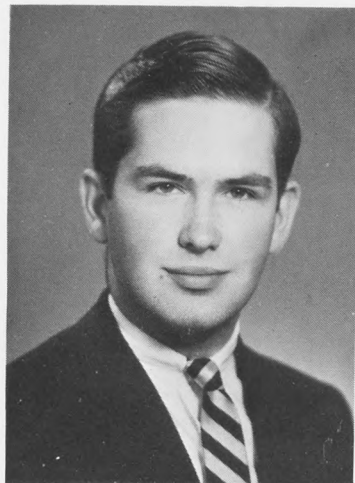


**KERRY MAGNUS:** Black Mag boarded; in Thompson House and on the rinks. He curled for the school in the Inter-high Bonspiel last Christmas holidays. As well as playing Senior Soccer and getting the championship winning touchdown in house football, our garbage man took up skiing where he found a disliking for "moque-hills." We hope you get a good deal as you shuffle on through life.

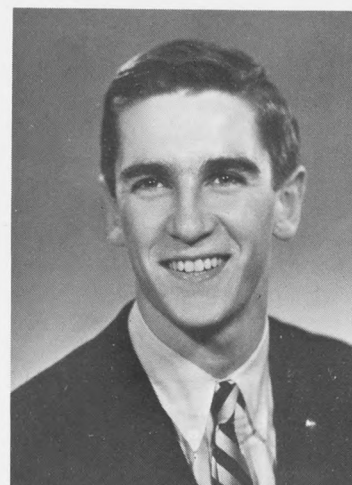




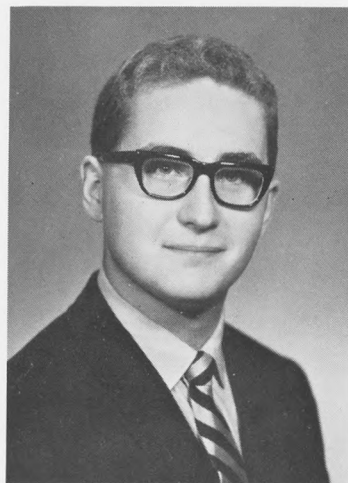
## Graduates



DAVID McBEATH: Our quiet introvert is a SOUND chem student. He was aLOUD to participate in school activities such as hockey and football and, at times, soft spoken Dave annoyed everyone with his calm, reasonable arguments. Meg (aphone) pulled gus' tail from under him. McBeath, McBeath, McBeath, how sounds your Imperial theme? 'Dig! Razz! Brake! Rumble! Screech! Drag! Pause. Silence (out of breath, Dave?) Really, Dave was an active asset to the sixth. Good luck, Dave.

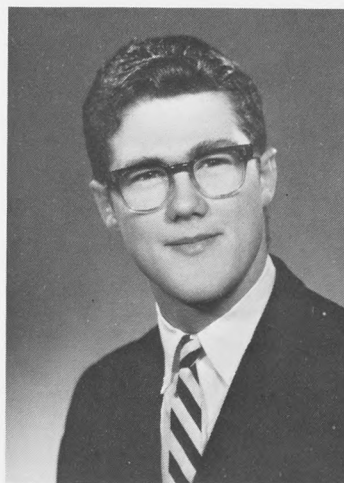


IAN MALCOLMSON: A guy like Ian kind of grows on you. "Weird Beard," with the motive of chasing BH girls this year, got his flying license and became a bush pilot. After many close shaves on the ski slopes, Ski Mondays played a permanent part of Maquis' school work (even in the Spring). Scrunch scraped through the academic year particularly delighting in mathematics.

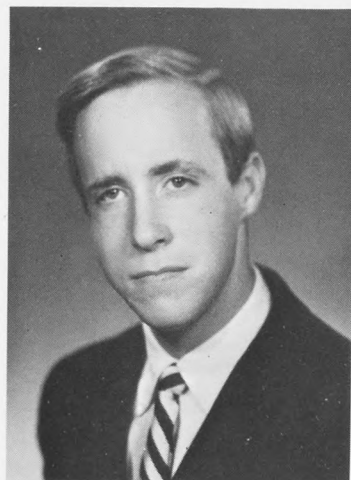


WAYNE MITCHELL: The only Canadian from Colorado Springs, our teddy bear showed his stuff on the Fort William ski trip. Mitch also played senior soccer. Lurch's dorm-mate unhappily found his room adjoined to Veg's, Frog's, and Pill's dorm, and complained bitterly of Frog's midnight jokes. Soon Mitch had the key to the situation though. Unexpectedly awakened, Mitchner saw time fly at 4:00 A.M., all to Frog's alarm. In his spare time, our brainy bristlepad memorized log tables or created correct chem electron equations.

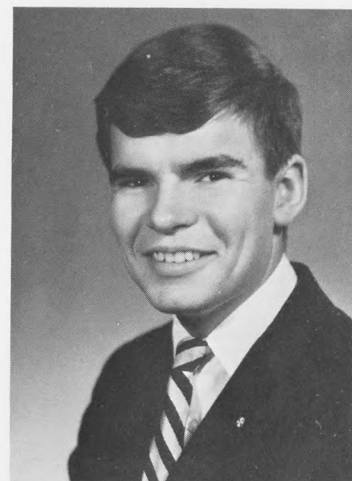
DAVID NICHOLS: There is a rumor around that David B. attended S.J.R. this year. . .Chopin forsook his athletic career for such pursuits as piano pounding and cycle cruising. Our sad Santa was leader of the Cadet Band and ran the Voluntary Exercise Group (V.E.G.). One of the quieter members of the Sixth, Dave may dessert to an American University next year. Good luck!



JOHN NANSON: Mike was one of Professor J. Nanson's better chem students this year. Scraping through physics with an 80, John also found time to teach Lurch and Block some judo. Our shutter bug, who is responsible for many of this year's candid's, also taught photography as an option. Being a hardy senior footballer and nature boy, John chose to sleep out on the balcony this winter. We wish John all the best of luck in university.

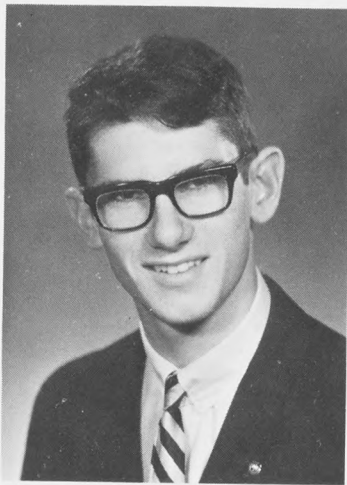


BOB PILBROW: Our nervous mouse, a semi-active member of the Sixth, played volleyball and soccer until an injury set him back a bit. Pillbox's dragging ambitions were curbed early in the year, so he wasn't consoled later when he became attached to Stovel. What Pill couldn't do with muscle, he did with words as Gabby, the famous Apteryx columnist. Bob also attended a few maths classes this year, but always left in the middle to get his books.

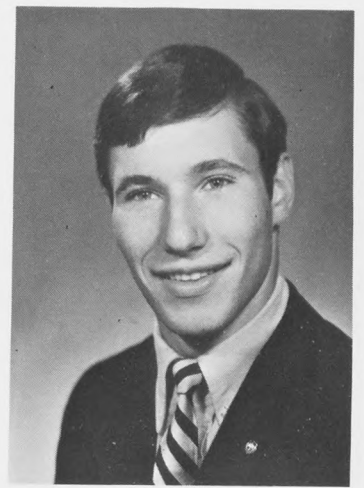




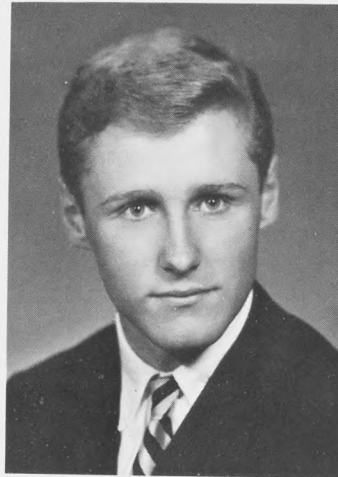
## Graduates



**BRIAN RYDER:** Although new to Winnipeg, Brian was fairly well known in the city. Red played senior football this year and knew the positions as halfback pretty well. Stovel's French rival was the star of the basketball team even though he picked up the occasional foul. Red wanted a better deal on the good luck wishes so we wish him good luck in June of Grade 12 instead of next year. . .hope it works!

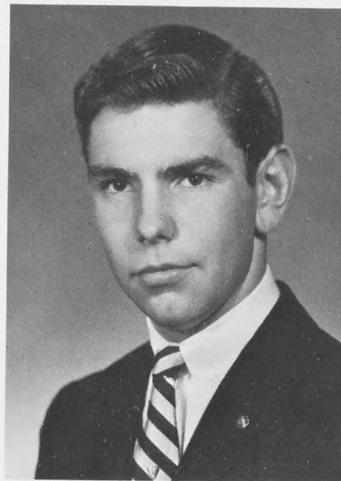


**IAN RANKIN:** Racing for the wire, Rankinstien cleared the forward vision of a Volks 1500 although Pete didn't appreciate it. Four eyes knose his history well and laughed his waythrough other subjects, plaguing the teachers with revelant questions. Ian participated in senior soccer, track and field, and the High School Curling Bonspiel. Rank could often be found double dating with Pete. As our promising political science student, we wish him luck next year.



**PETER SCHLUDERMANN:** Once in motion, Pete's pinstriped, red VW 1500 (a cheap imitation of a Porsche 904) was hard to focus on. Our physics brain excelled in skiing and has become one of the school's best track and field stars. The only Ravenscourt Chiquita representative annoyed Mike by peeling around the class, being a scapegoat for everything that wnet wrong (he looks guilty). McBeath's decibel rival was "Hook"-ed at the start of the year but, later, George Gosko stole the lure. We wish Pete good luck next year.

**AARON SCHWARTZ:** Archbishop Aaron Schwartz had a very busy year excommunicating everyone in sight. Igor co-co-ordinated, with Fitzjohn the Monday options and tutorial system besides pretending to play tennis in his spare time. Our Red River Scholar took a major role in the play and aided our Royal Highness in representing S.J.R. in the model U.N. Aunt Jemima was the unblamed genius behind many a classroom plot, but still obtained a high scholastic standing.

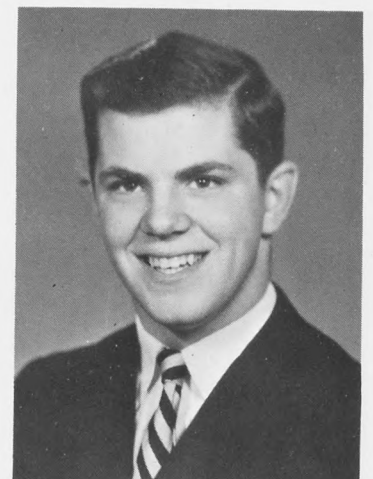


**PAUL SCHMIDT:** Butterball, standing a towering 5' 2" (in his discothique boots) hates school food-all five helpings daily-and courageously tried to train his weight in Monday Options. A favorite of Mr. Waudby's and a founding member of the French Class Ladies' Guild, our roly-poly friend could be found leading his pet goat. King-curler a-choir-ed a booming singing voice (yelling at Liz's house with Bumf and Frogs), helped to organize the winter carnival, and took a role in the school play.



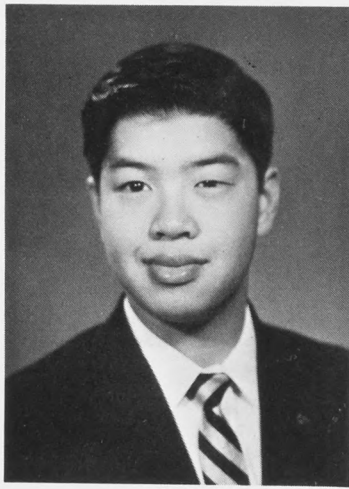
**BOB STOVEL:** Roberte Stovelle aimez boucoupe de Frenche. Bob, our happy fad follower bummed around on his Honda and found that he was attracted to Pill's car. Droopy Drawers' heavy reducing plan required that he give up his soggy corn flakes. Our gambling man took a chance on Burns and went to Florida at Easter. Blob Bob, earlier knighted Sir Kumpherence naturally changed to a Hustler in the spring.

Intended Profession: medic  
Probable Destiny: King of Flin Flon

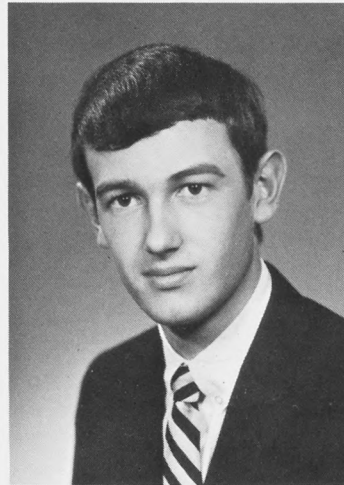




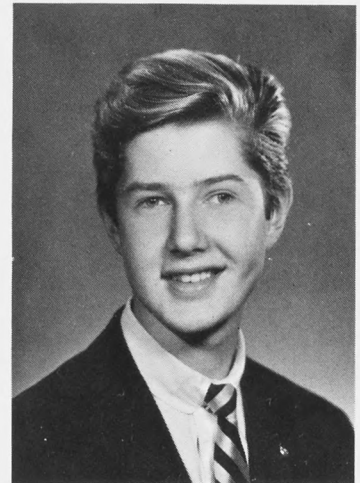
## Graduates



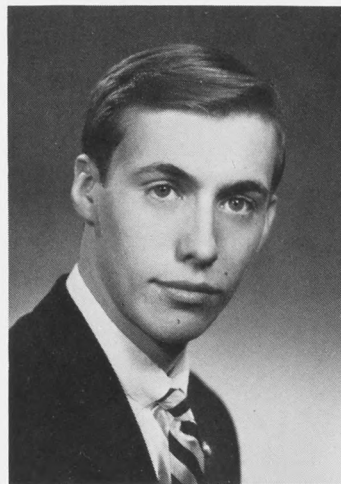
**GARRY TOY:** Our Neepawa import putted around the football field this year. Toy's snooker score frequently topped his physics mark (so, what else is new?). Slightly backwards, our Gally had a different slant on school food (especially chop suey). Ryder's dorm-mate was occasionally found buried in somebody else's newspaper. May your fortune cookie crumble favourably Garry.



**NORMAN TROUGH:** Lee, another member of the FADulous dorm, was the mastermind and co-builder of that famous ceiling development scheme, Thunker City. Troughs wrote poetry in an expressive and modern style and kept the Apteryx supplied. Our newest addition to the Spectres, interested in holding Canada together, kept in touch with Calgary and Montreal, occasionally phoning the former and planning a group visit to the latter at Easter. Loved by maths teachers, Troughs was a firm member of the Voluntary Exercise Group (V.E.G.), only he didn't exercise.

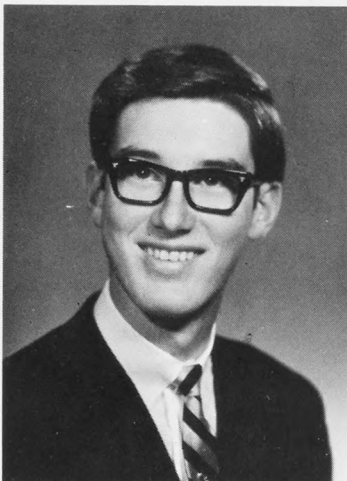


**PAUL WILSON:** Flynn, with his twig fingers, played senior football and basketball this year. Editor of the yearbook and resident of Thompson House, Willy hailed from hmmm, New York, no-San Francisco, no ah yes, New Town, North Dakota. Yank bashed through the mountains to Vancouver with Frog last Christmas holidays, where he checked out fire hydrants with Ken. After caroling in Minot, Yank returned to S.J.R. to grab Kiddell's leftovers. Never disagreeing with Chem or Maths masters, Paul played the guitar in his spare time. We hope you can engineer your way into the college of your choice.



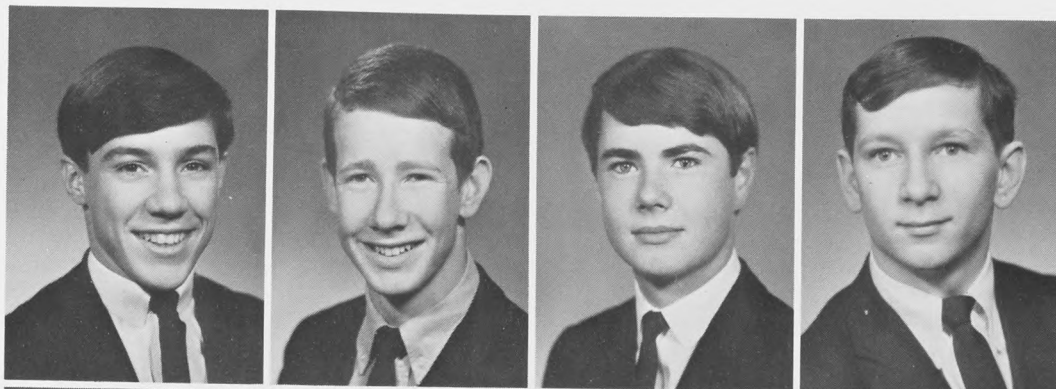
**PAUL TRUELOVE:** Poor Paul was Simonized by Mr. MacKenzie. Handsome Paul PARTICIPATED in numerous school activities. .hmmmm (hair combing?). One Thursday he went flying with Malcolmson and came back (-) combing his hair. Our bleach blond understudies in the school play, but still found time to fit in senior soccer and his 52 Pontiac into his busy schedule.

Intended Profession: Doctor  
Probable Destiny: Hairstylist

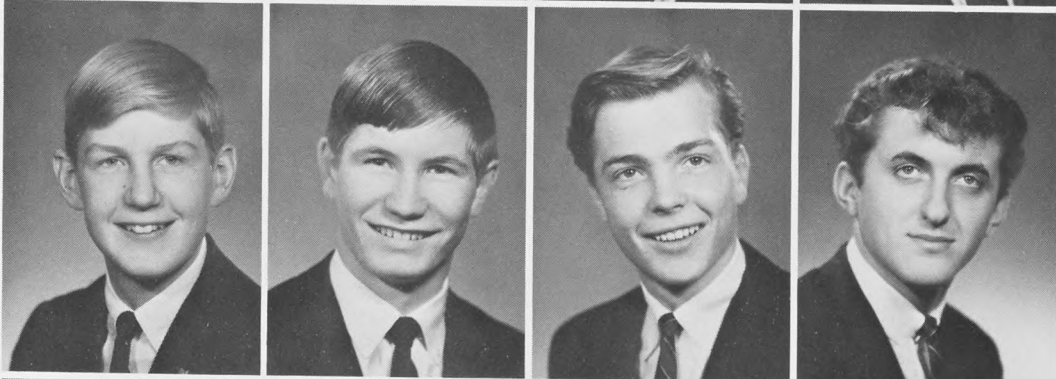


**KIETH YONGE:** Kieth was thought to have lost all of his marbles but we know he still has one AGI left. Our wandering minstrel's favorite thoughts are of serenading at DAWN. As well as getting truly exceptional French marks, bun-face was a firm follower of Alexander Graham Bell. Always positive and unswaying in his convictions, Kieth left Pennock alone because of her unsure character. Dismayed at Mag's poker playing, our third stump braved the football field, met his buddy cousins, and got all choked up. Bun missed 25% on his Christmas lit paper, but the future should hold brighter things at the University of Alberta. Good luck Bun.

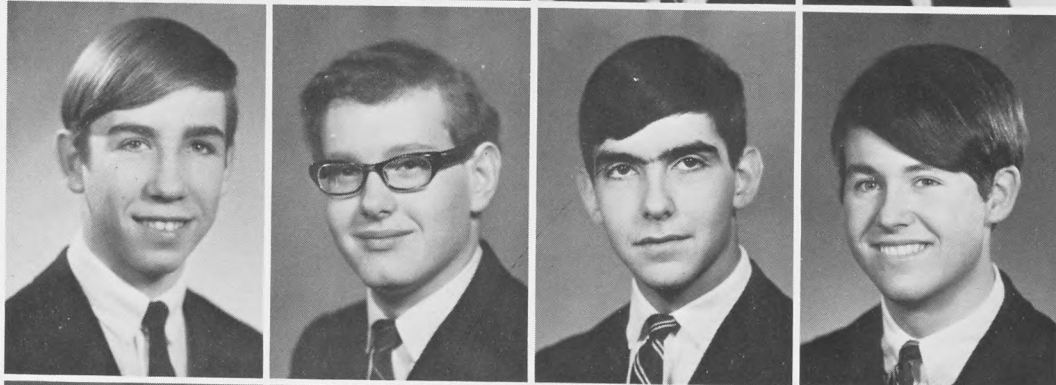
# Grade Elevens:



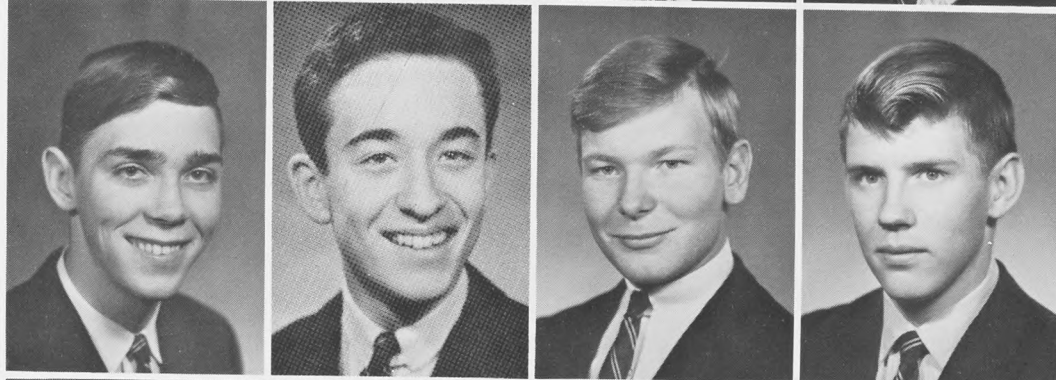
M. Jackman, D. Kiddell,  
J. Little, E. Naiman



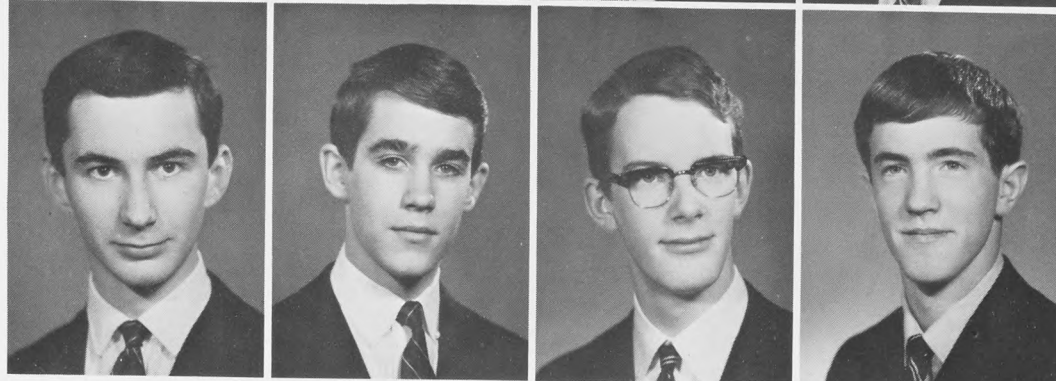
S. Truelove, R. Williams,  
J. Ashdown, K. Cousins



D. Everett, C. Fudge,  
J. Fulton, P. Gall



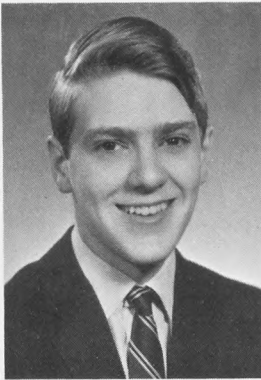
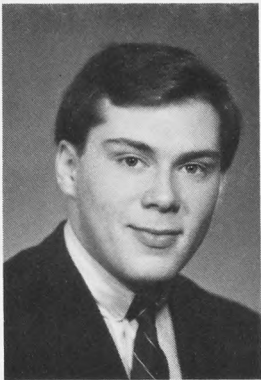
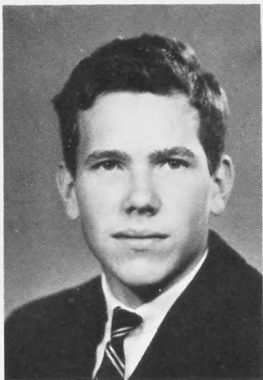
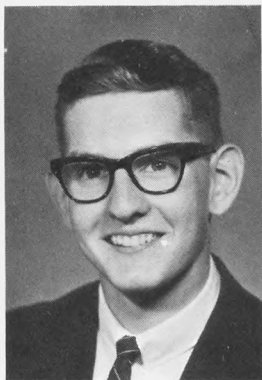
D. Gargett, M. Glasgow  
G. Golightly, J. Harasym



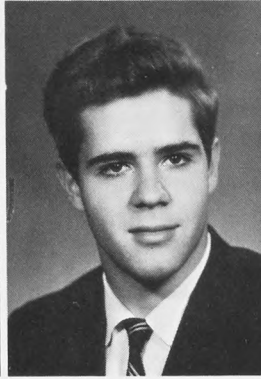
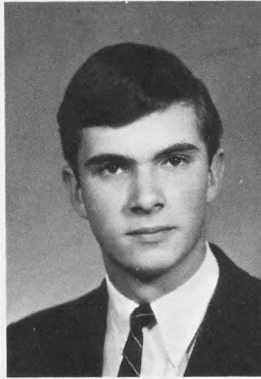
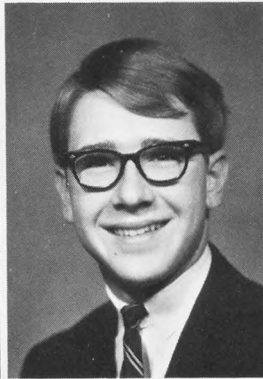
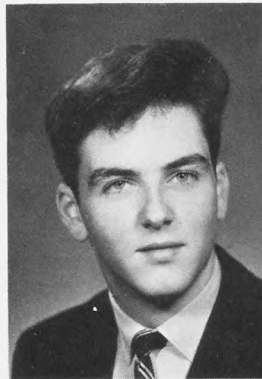
D. James, J. Kilgour,  
D. Laird, P. Leatherdale



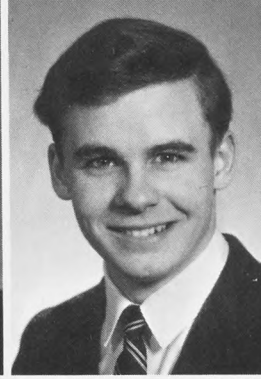
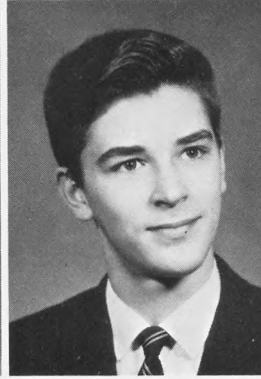
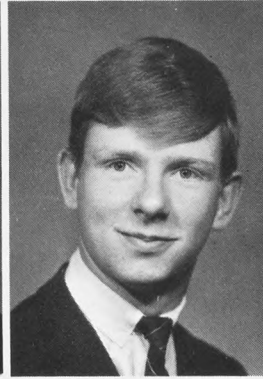
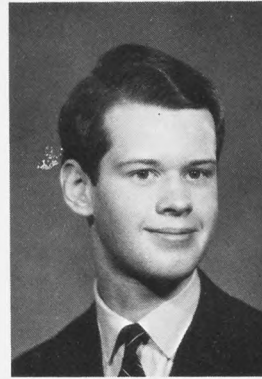
# Grade Elevens:



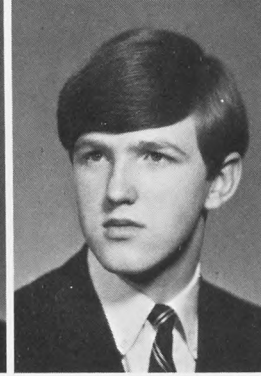
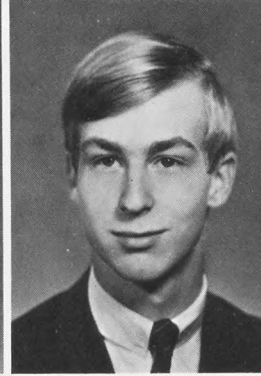
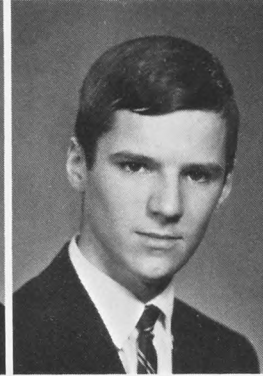
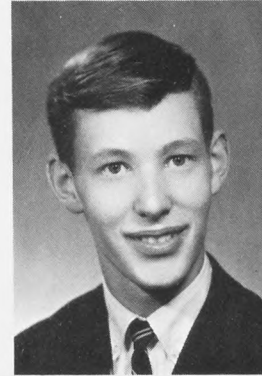
P. Lemon, C. Lount,  
M. Merrihew, D. Murdoch



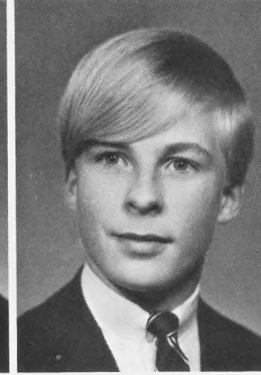
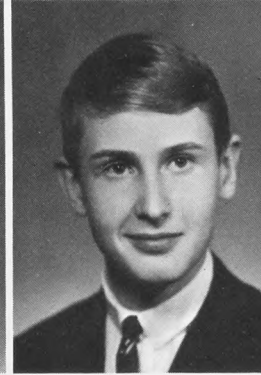
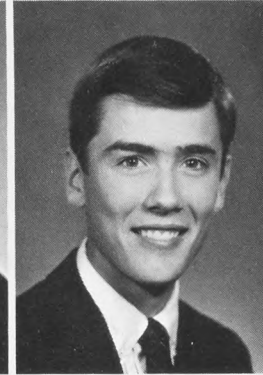
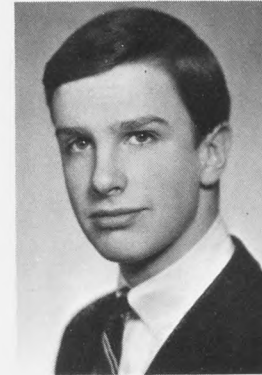
L. MacIntosh, J. MacBeth,  
D. MacKay, T. McGaughey



B. McWilliams, A. McTavish,  
R. Paul, J. Ramsey



D. Roberts, P. Sheen,  
D. Sprague, J. St. John



D. Riley, H. Swan,  
R. Todd, C. Wells

# Red River Scholars



BACK ROW: Randy Paul, Aaron Schwartz, Ian Fraser, David Fitzjohn, Mr. Gordon, David Gargett, Edward Orton, Bill Gardner, Mark Jackman.

FRONT ROW: Mark Dallas, Richard Woodhead, Michael Castling, Michael Payne, John Lawrance, Cris Gunn.

The Red River Scholarship scheme is the most challenging undertaking in which we are involved. Among our objectives is, of course, the bringing of talented boys to our school, but even more important is the bringing of boys of ability from as many places as possible. It is hoped that in 1967 we will have boys on Red River Scholarships from all ten provinces in Canada and at least a representative or two from other countries.

In order to carry out this objective money will have to be raised, and raising money for scholarships is less glamorous than raising money for new necessary buildings. However, in time, I am sure that we will gain support for this scheme. I feel certain that eventually Red River Scholars will themselves contribute directly to the scheme as well as promoting it in whatever part of the world they find themselves.

With support this scheme can help us build a national school in the center of Canada.

R.L. Gordon, Headmaster.

## Scholarships Granted in 1962

VI David Fitzjohn	Winnipeg, Manitoba
IV Christopher Gunn	Fort Garry, Manitoba
VI Aaron Schwartz	St. James, Manitoba

## Scholarships Granted in 1963

VI William Gardner	Winnipeg, Manitoba
V Mark Jackman	Ralston, Alberta
IV Edward Orton	St. Boniface, Manitoba

## Scholarships Granted in 1964

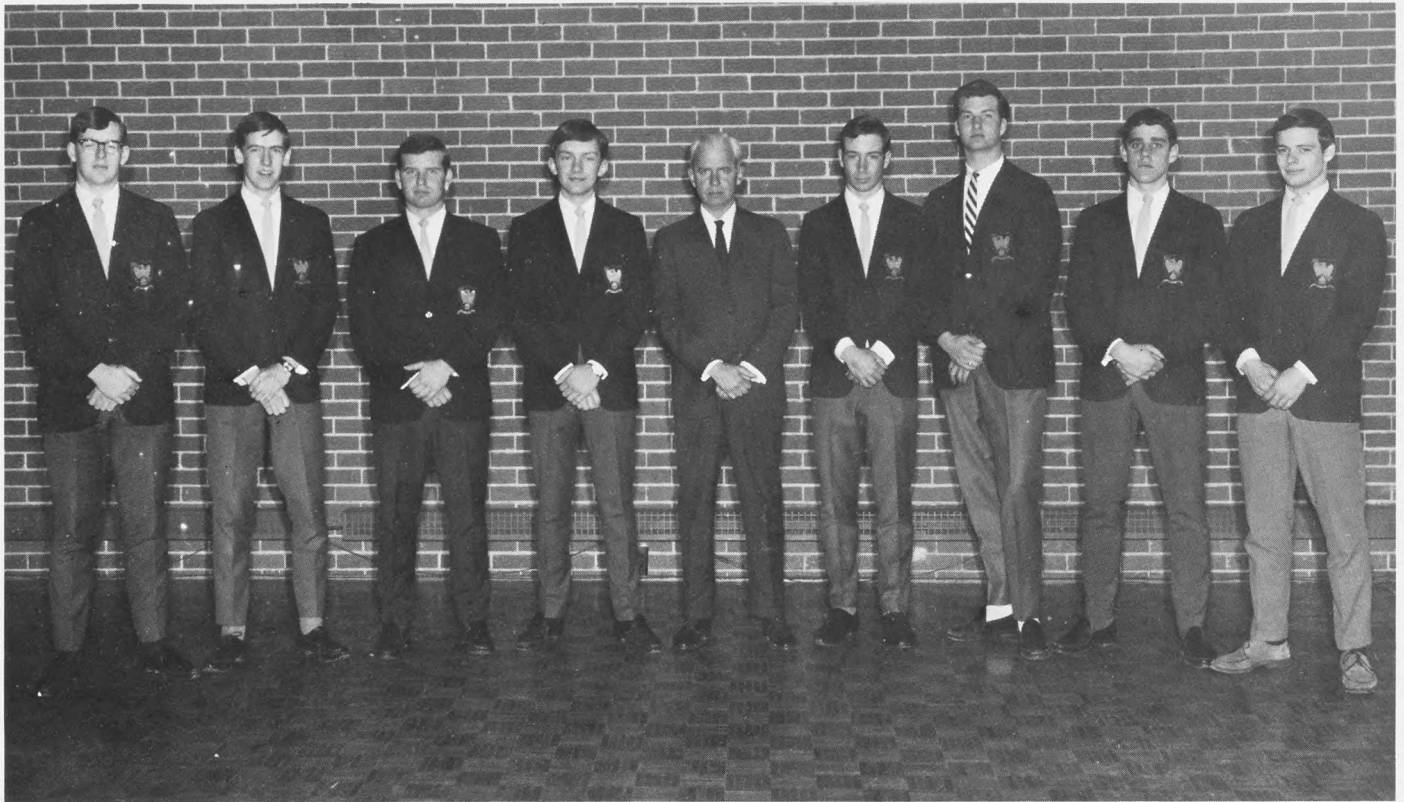
V Randy Paul	Winnipeg, Manitoba
III Michael Payne	Fort Garry, Manitoba

## Scholarships Granted in 1965

III Michael Castling	St. Boniface, Manitoba
IV Mark Dallas	Calgary, Alberta
VI Ian Fraser	Victoria, British Columbia
V David Gargett	St. Vital, Manitoba
II John Lawrence	Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan
III Richard Woodhead	Calgary, Alberta



# Senior Prefects

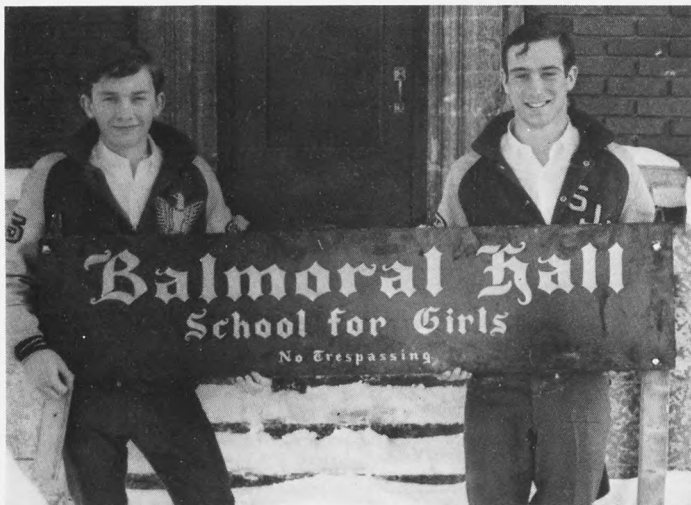


Jim MacDonald, John Kiddell, Peter Hammond, Bill Cottick, Mr. Gordon, Muir Meredith, Mike Brook, Bill Gray, Jamie McDonald.

## School Captains Report

It has been five years since I first arrived at S.J.R., and as I think back over these years now, trying to sum them up in a couple of paragraphs, I realize they have been some of the most enjoyable of my life. The hours of standing with my nose to the wall, which must add up to days by now, the occasional trips to Dorm 1 after chapel, the precision dorm-raids planned to the minutest detail, and end-of-term feasts, the football games we won, the football games we lost, the many friends I have made from all over Canada, the unendless days of classes: all are part of the life I have led and enjoyed here.

Through these years I have watched the school grow, and have been proud to be a part of it. I have seen us win football games against schools five times our size, I have seen us with the best cadet corps in Canada, I have seen us take shooting competitions year after year, I have seen boys from the school set records in provincial track meets.



Encore!

# Junior Prefects

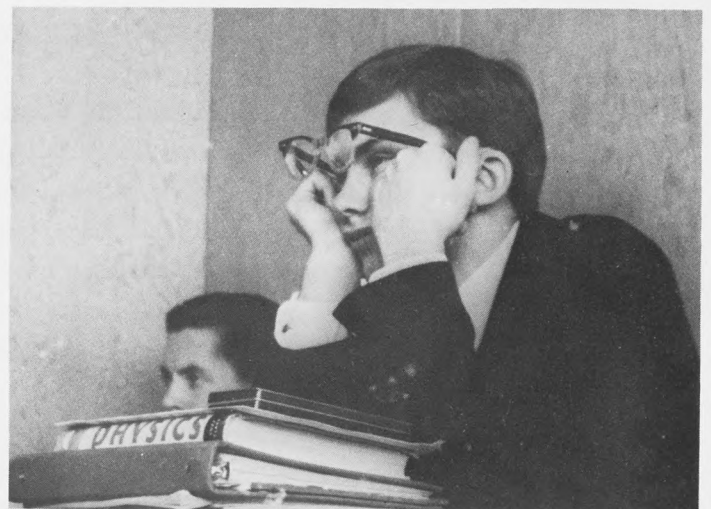


Errol Naiman, Mark Jackman, Douglas Kiddell, Jamie Little, Bob Williams, David Everett.  
INSET: Simon Truelove.

This year has been an especially good one for me, probably because it is my last, and it looks as if it might end up a rather memorable and exciting one, if the impending flood comes about. Great spirit and sacrifice have already been shown by the boys who have given up their Easter holidays to fill sandbags to save the school buildings from danger. And maybe we will get a few extra days of holidays later (which would really make this the best year I have spent here).

I hope that this year has not only been a "best" year for me, but that it has been a successful year for the school as well. Being School Captain during this, my final, year has been a truly rewarding experience, and I can think of no finer way of ending my years here. It has been a very great honour, and I only hope I have done a fraction for the school of what it has done for me. I am proud to have been a part of this school, and will be proud to be an old boy.

BILL COTTICK  
— SCHOOL CAPTAIN



Out of focus





## Letter from Ljubljana

Letter writing seems quite inadequate at present, but I do feel that I should make some attempt to inform you of our trip and adventures in the World Hockey Tournament, 1966.

As you probably know, the tournament has taken place in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia from March 3rd to 13th. During this period we have played seven games against the best representatives from Europe and Asia. Playing seven games in ten days is very demanding, and it almost leaves the body in a state of mental and physical exhaustion. Feeling tired, as I do, and having been subjected to a series of poor refereeing, as well as being involved in a form of political warfare, I am having difficulty proving to myself that our cause is justifiable.

In 1964 Father Bauer assembled a group of young men with the intention of forming a hockey team of international calibre while the boys were still able to further their university education. In other words, we hoped that we would combine hockey and education. I must add that I feel we have been successful in this area, as most of our players have enjoyed two highly successful years at university. During our hockey ventures, we have attempted not only to be enthusiastic, but also ambassadors of our country. It is in the latter where we have encountered problems. We willingly accepted the responsibility of representing Canada, hoping that we could best exemplify the true character of our democratic country. However, little did we realize the true involvement of such a responsibility. Members of

Canada's National Hockey Team are, to put it quite truthfully, being used as pawns in a form of political warfare. The Communist countries are definitely using victories over Canada and other democratic nations as a political propaganda in the well known "cold war." Officials from Communist countries, or from countries bordering a Communist country, often are pressured into bias. Because of this, we often are unjustly penalised, and therefore are unable to play to our full potential as a hockey team. This is extremely frustrating. If the hockey teams were allowed to play hockey without political interference, I am sure that international competition would be a much more enjoyable and satisfying experience.

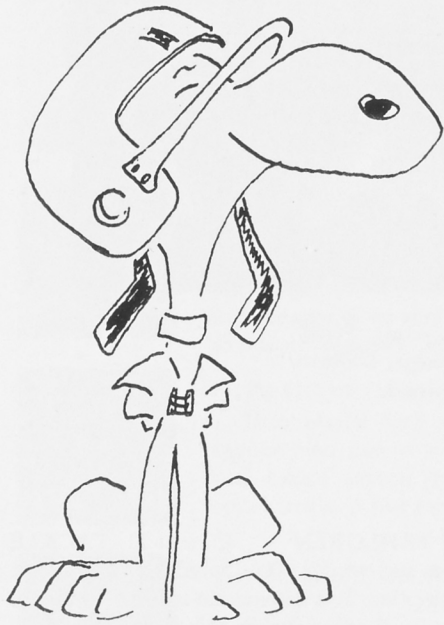
Ljubljana is a beautiful city. Temperatures have been very mild, and the nearby Alps provide a beautiful background for the city. Although Yugoslavia is a Communist country and is divided into six Republics, the people are united in a strong national pride and spirit of independence. This has become quite evident to most of our players.

Our accommodations are ideal. We are staying at the Hotel Tabor, a new building which will become an old people's home when we leave. The food has been excellent (usually we are subjected to large quantities of greasy food). While some of the boys have had difficulty in selecting a suitable beverage, I have been drinking large quantities of Italian Pepsi and goats' milk. I am not over impressed with either of them, but they will do for now.

As for the games themselves, I feel that we did quite well. Our first game was against the U.S.A. which we

Continued on page 42

# SPORTS





# Senior Football



BACK ROW: Wilson, Francis, Toy, McTavish, Yonge, Williams, Honeyman, Gray, Fenny.  
 THIRD ROW: Cottick, Nanson, Macdonald, Ryder, Meredith, McDonald, Fudge, Naiman.  
 SECOND ROW: McGaughey, Campbell, Cousins, Gardner, McBeath, Hammond.  
 FRONT ROW: Merrihew, Mr. Girard, Young.



## PETER BOWES

## HALFBACK

An "import" from our bantam team. Peter has a fine pair of hands and ran well in the last two games. He should come on strong in '66, especially if he shows a little more enthusiasm in practices.



## PETER FAHLGREN O. and D. TACKLE

Hard and tough, Pete loved to bash it out along the line. It is certain that many a would-be tackler was disappointed by this footballer.



## MICHAEL BROOK

## O. and D. TACKLE

Mike used his size and strength to do a fine job on the opposition. He was a hard hitting blocker and a fine tackler.



## MARK FENNY

## O. and D. GUARD

"Tiger, Tiger" . . . Mark was one hundred and seventy pounds of dynamite. His bone-jarring tackles and fierce line-play could be heard from the bench. Most worthy as the co-owner of the title of most valuable player on the team.



## ANGUS CAMPBELL

## FULLBACK and D. SAFETY

Gus was a good offensive ball player, but he showed on defense with his ability to come up with key pass interceptions.



## CRAIG FRANCIS

## O. CENTER and D. LINEBACKER

Like his brother, John, Craig made a dandy center. He was perhaps a bit light for his position. Nevertheless, he did it well.



## BILL COTTICK

## FULLBACK and D. LINEBACKER

Bill did not like practices very much, but he showed a fine running ability from his five-back spot.



## SAM FREED

## D. SAFETY

Tough, speedy, and hard-hitting, it was a pity that Sam was injured in our first Portage game. Despite a lack of weight, Sam was a sure and fierce tackler.



## KENT COUSINS

## O. and D. END

Elected as one of the two most valuable players this year. Kent was the heavy-duty man on the squad! He caught many fine passes, ran hard with the ball, and seemed always to appear where he was needed for tackles. All in all, Kent is a fine footballer.



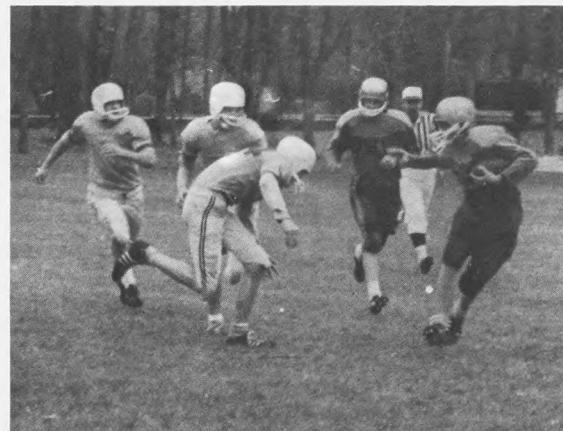
## CARLYLE FUDGE

## O. and D. GUARD

Old "Fedge" put the leg back into S.J.R. football. When he put his boot to the ball, it was long gone. His punts proved to be live-savers on several occasions, and point-getters on others.







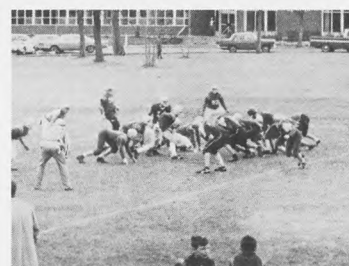
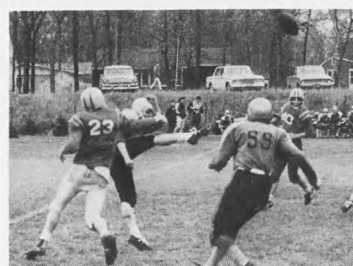
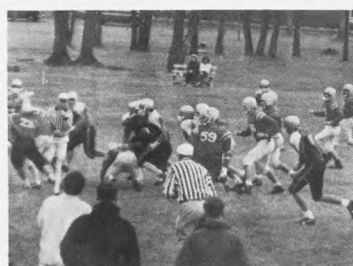
## *Coach's Report*

I wish to thank the members of this year's squad for giving me their co-operation. Especially, I would like to thank that small nucleus of players who were always present at practices and who supplied team spirit, set fine examples for their team mates, and came to work at playing football.

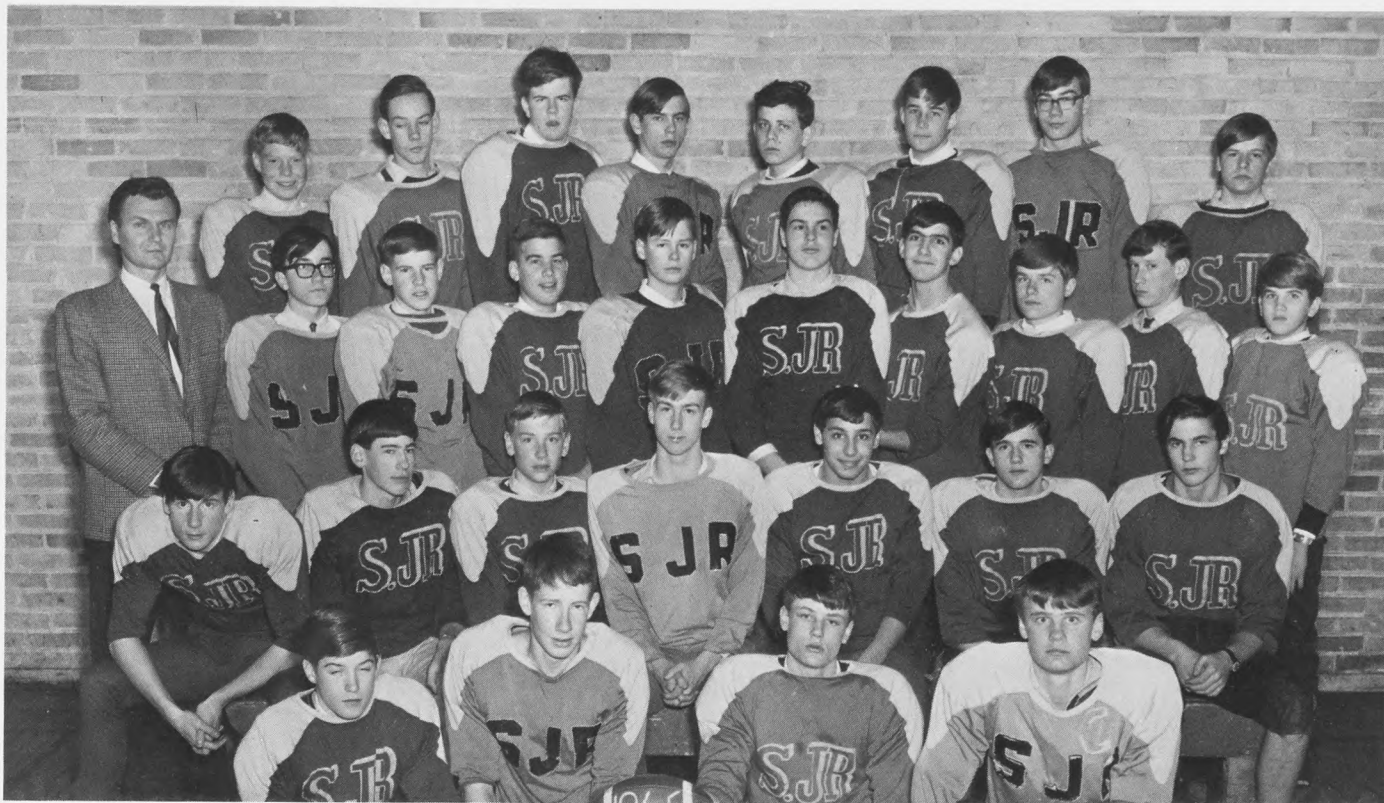
Football, I think, unlike many sports of S.J.R., requires preparation which is not fun. A football practice is compounded of hard work, hard work, and more hard work. It is the coach's job to bully, cajole, reason with, entice, and whip his players into a set of disciplines and requirements which do not come easily. A footballer must be fit. This means spending a good deal of time toughening up the body with rigorous calisthenics. These are not fun. Then, there are basic drills which must be mastered. These include blocking, tackling, throwing, catching and running. Perhaps one of a footballer's greatest needs is courage. This must be developed. A coach must also try to train how to minimize their chances of getting hurt and to show them that they will not be hurt if they take the bull by the horns. This will help to instill confidence. This confidence leads to wholehearted participation.

Perhaps the greatest need on any football team is that of "togetherness;" that spirit which leads to a co-ordinated team effort on the field. In the final analysis, it is the team "togetherness" which really makes a football team. When each man gives 100% of himself for his fellows, the team will play as it should, a solid unit having one purpose.

As coach this year, I have learned much about human nature. Some can be counted on for one hundred per cent effort all the time; others for very little effort anytime. Generally, though, I think S.J.R. can be proud, as I am, of our football team this year. Our game record was two wins out of six games. This is not outstanding. If, however, you had seen, as I did, a team of young athletes playing hard and with determination to hold their own with dignity, to be able to say "we did our best," then I think one would agree, it was a good year.



# Bantam Football



BACK ROW: Castling, McCreath, Wyatt, McGee, Schwartz, Andison, Hefflefinger, Boulton.  
 THIRD ROW: Mr. Petrencik, Little, Lawson, Searle, Hutching, Orton, Fulton, Shandro, Gardner, Schoemperlen.  
 SECOND ROW: Stethem, Jewell, Gosko, Sprague, Thomas, Simmons, Richardson.  
 FRONT ROW: Spaith, Kiddell, McEwen, Ramsey.

There is not much to say about this year's Bantams: we had a pretty poor season. There were times when we looked like a bad team, and times when we looked like first place material. We did have quite a good back-field, but most of our faults were in blocking and tackling. We played more games poorly than we did well and, as a result, we ended up in last place.

There were several excuses for our poor showing. One was that we did not get enough practice. The public schools had almost a month of practice while we only had one or two weeks. Also, public schools

had a wider area to choose players from when we only could choose from about forty boys.

After our first game, we felt we could at least make the play-offs. However, after North Kildonan severely beat us, our morale dropped and we lost to St. Boniface. We did not expect to win any of the remaining games until we faced Winakwa. We were sure we would win this game and it was a great blow when we lost. Our last game was against Fort Garry and we never expected to win it anyway.

## Intermediate Football



BACK ROW: Jackman, Anderson, Sampson, Riley.  
 FRONT ROW: MacDonald, Everett, St. John.

This year the Intermediates learned a lot under Mr. Bredin's coaching (three of the boys were able to graduate to the Senior team near the end of the season). We played a number of games, mostly between ourselves, except for a couple of games we played against the Seniors and a mixed Bantam and Intermediate team. The game against the Seniors was a close battle with a final score of 6-0 for the Seniors. A week before Fathers' and Sons' Weekend, the Bantams and Intermediates formed two mixed teams: the "Old Bantams" and the "New Bantams." The "Old Bantams" won in the match played on the Fathers' and Sons' Weekend.



## Senior House Football

As in previous years, as senior house football series was held after the league games had been completed. Their was bitter rivalry between the three houses, but Hamber was superior and secured the cup. In the first game Hamber trounced Richardson by 13-6 with Magnus playing an excellent offensive game even though he was drafted from the soccer team. The next game was between Young and Hamber, but as Young did not have Pete Hammond, they were easily beat 7-0. Richardson and Young then played for second place with Richardson emerging victorious with a score of 13-7.



BACK ROW: Mark Jackman, Bill Cottick, Keith Yonge, John Nanson, Jim Fulton, Bob Colquhoun.  
FRONT ROW: Craig Francis, Kerry Magnus, Bill Gardner, Peter Schludermann, Bruce Young, Hugh Swan.

## Intermediate House Football

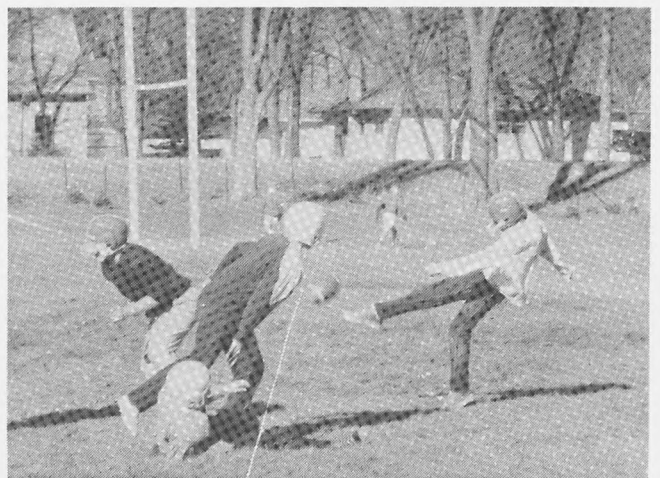


BACK ROW: Eddie Myers, John Anderson, Edward Orton, D'Arcy Brown.  
FRONT ROW: Tom Ramsay, Doug Kiddell, Clive McEwen, Jim Richardson.

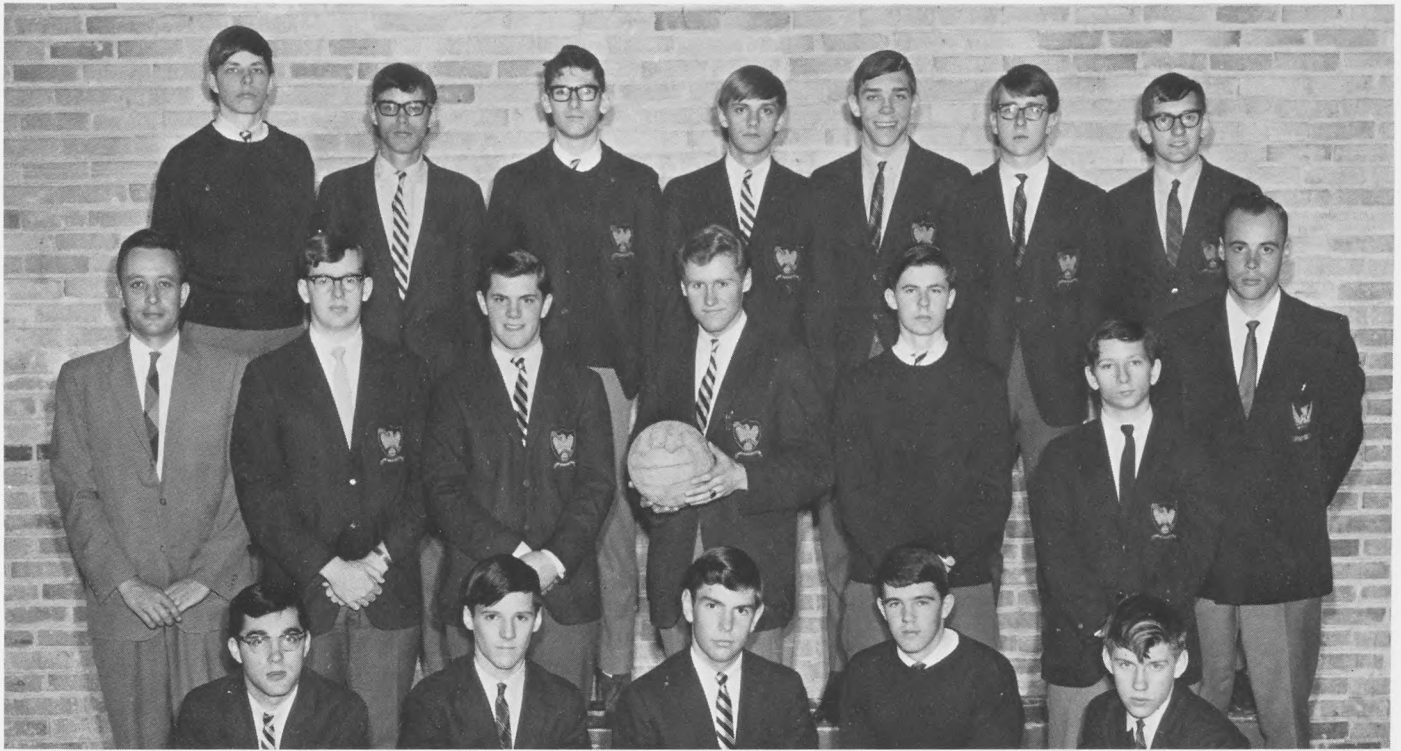
There were three games in intermediate house games. Young won with two wins and no losses. Richardson was second with one win and one loss. Hamber with a change of pace pulled through gaining third place with no wins and two losses. All the games were hard fought and the final scores in all three games were within a touchdown of each other. Spirit was high for all games and everyone except Hamber had a good time.

## Junior House Football

Junior house football kept up its tradition of providing a great amount of entertainment for its spectators. These little fellows have as much courage as seniors, but seem to be more cheerful and funloving with the game. Hamber won the series by quite a considerable margin of touchdowns. In the first game Hamber beat Richardson 28-14 with Robbie McDonald, "Smiley" Castling, and Brian Spooner leading the victorious squad. Hamber then beat Young 28-7 and in the final game between Young and Richardson; Richardson won 13-0.



# Senior Soccer



BACK ROW: Klassen, Magnus, Rankin, Fraser, Gargett, MacBeth, Lemon.

MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Ainley, MacDonald, Stovel, Schludermann, Greeniaus, Naiman, Mr. Glegg.

FRONT ROW: Kirby, Sheen, Schmidt, Dunstan, Harasym.

Two years ago, a senior soccer team, representing St. John's-Ravenscourt in inter-high school soccer, was formed. Generally, since then, the team has done the school some good. Although it cannot be said that our team has raised the S.J.R. athletic image, everyone in our league knows that we are "always outthere trying." However, paradoxical to my introduction, it is my opinion that this year we had quite a competent team; the best team yet.

What I mean is that the team has always had some good individuals, but only during the last year has it begun to take the form of a team. The defense worked

with the halves and, more especially, the halves backed up the forwards. Generally, having a good defense line, the team has had to build up it's finishing drive: the ability to score goals.

In saying that the team is the best yet, I should state some results. We did not score many goals, but there was no recurrence of the past year's "no wins, all losses." This year we won an outside game and tied one, having only tied one before (that's a record). However, we failed in trying to beat the masters again (with an unbaised referee, this time). The score was tied.

## Junior Soccer

This year's only undefeated team was Junior Soccer. We finished the year with four wins and no defeats. A junior soccer team is a relatively new idea and as yet does not get much support. Much better things are hoped for next year. The team was comprised mostly of grade eights and a few grade nines. A lack of games was the big difficulty along with the short season. Our thanks go to Mr. Wellard and Mr. Gieth.



BACK ROW: Fraser, Hutchings, Thraser, Mr. Wellard, Payne, Tamblyn, Dallas.

FRONT ROW: Jacques, Allison, Wright, Campbell, Knowlton, Wood.



# Senior Cross - Country



BACK ROW: Mr. Ainley, Rankin, Schludermann, Fraser, Mr. Glegg.  
FRONT ROW: Kirby, Jackman, Dunstan, Gargett.

The cross-country team dashed off to an enthusiastic start this year, but the pace was just a little out of reach. However, the team ran well against some really stiff opposition. The meets were held at St. Vital Park, Niakwa Park, and St. John's-Ravenscourt. In 1964, S.J.R. managed to set the toughest course in Winnipeg, but Glenlawn Collegiate took the honors this year with a gruelling trek across ploughed fields at Niakwa Park. The S.J.R. team took their revenge calmly, running its best race of the year.

The climax of the season was the provincial meet at Neepawa on November 30. The relief of the team at finding that the course would not include below-freezing weather, ice-cold streams, thick brush, and barbed wire fence, as the previous year, turned to anguish when an abundance of steep hills was found to be the substitute. Despite the difficulties, everyone ran a good race. Bob Dunstan, the star of the team, finished fourteenth out of over one hundred participants.

## Junior Cross - Country

Junior Cross-Country was a new innovation this year. A Junior Cross-Country team was formed to run against some outside teams. The first run was in the St. Vital Park where we had some runners place high in the lists. In later races, runners once again did well. The big reason for not placing as well as we might have was because of the short period to train in and a lack of races. Once again our thanks go to Mr. Wellard.



BACK ROW: Mr. Wellard, Hutchings, Tamblyn, Wright, Payne.  
FRONT ROW: Thraser, Campbell.

## Six-Man Football

The purpose of six-man football is to prepare for future competition, and to develop football fundamentals and good sportsmanship. The first week of school the boys were issued equipment and given instruction in tackle football fundamentals. The second week, they were divided into four teams called by modernistic names of "The Saints," "The Angels," "The Playboys," and "The Surfers." A four week round robin ensued to choose opponents for the Father and Sons' Day football classic. As a result the top two teams: "The Surfers" and "The Angels" played for the trophy while "The Saints" and "The Playboys" battled it out to decide last place. "The Surfers" culminated their two overtime period stalemate with an electrifying 65 yard touchdown by Doug Spaith to make the final score 30-24. "The Playboys" escaped the cellar by downing "The Saints" 28-14. In spite of their lack stature, it was quickly made up by their enthusiasm and the time spent was made profitable by their rapid improvement.



BACK ROW: Junker, McKnight, Richardson, Kobrinsky.  
FRONT ROW: D. Spaith, Chan, Jacklin.



BACK ROW: Thomas, Hefflefinger, Truelove, Dallas, Shandro.  
MIDDLE ROW: Payne, Spaith, Chan, Campbell, Thraser.  
FRONT ROW: Pinn, Richardson, Harasym.

## Junior House Soccer

Only one series was played between the three teams, considering that the weather conditions made further progress impossible. Richardson House proved to be overpowering which forced Young and Hamber to call off the senior house soccer games for fear of complete annihilation. However, Richardson first faced Young to obliterate them by a score of 6-1. Young did not take this lying down and came bouncing back to defeat Hamber 3-0. Greatly embarrassed Hamber tried to restore it's face by facing the Richardson team, only to lose full confidence when defeated 4-0. Thus Richardson House once again proved it's superior strength to the world by easily capturing the position of first place.

## Curling

This year the school entered two teams into the Hi School Bonspiel. They did better than any other of the school teams entered before. The team skipped by Bruce Young won three of its' five games while the team skipped by Paul Schmidt won four of its' six games. Unfortunately the two teams came up against each other and thus one was eliminated.

There was also a team entered into the private and secondary schools league and they would of done very well except Gall managed to trip over the winning stone and thus they lost the crucial game.



BACK ROW: Rankin, Campbell, MacKay, McCarten, Gall.  
FRONT ROW: Schmidt, Young.



## Intermediate Basketball

The intermediates were a "new" team in the sense that they had never played together before. As a result, some of their games were well played, while others were rather scambly. They competed with some of the best senior teams Winnipeg junior-high schools, one against St. James' Collegiate's varsity squad which featured a near-7' giant, and a game with the S.J.R. masters, the final score of which seems to be in some disagreement. For the first time, we sent our intermediate team against high school freshman competition, winning two out of four such games. The season was climaxed with an almost brilliant victory over Mennonite Collegiate freshmen. Season's record: 8 wins — 4 losses.



BACK ROW: Fulton, Sprague, Jewell, Mr. Petrencik, Bracewell, Dunstan.

FRONT ROW: Black, Newbound, Ross, Ramsey, Dallas.

## Junior Basketball



BACK ROW: Wright, Bracken, Mr. Petrencik, Spooner, Richardson.

FRONT ROW: Morris, Wyatt, Hefflefinger, Chan.

In their second year together, this year's juniors were probably among the best in their age group in Winnipeg. They were undefeated in games against teams of similar age, their only losses coming against senior teams of junior high schools. In the Y.M.C.A. league, in which they were entered, they finished in first place without a loss. Throughout the season, most of the boys showed a keen enthusiasm. In some games, they displayed remarkable skill and control. If the boys remain together, they should remain equally impressive next year and develop a serious challenge to the dominance of Mennonite Collegiate in the independent schools' league. Record: 11 wins — 4 losses.

## Volleyball

This year the volleyball team was in a league with St. Paul's College, United College and M.B.C.I. All but the latter were thoroughly beaten by our team which consisted of Honeyman, Cousins, Brook, Fraser, Younge, Lemon, Jim and Doug MacDonald, and Bruce Young. Had there been finals, I think we could have given M.B.C.I. a good fight for their money, but since they went undefeated in the regular schedule, they were automatically given the division title. Our sincere thanks to Mr. Petrencik and Mr. MacKenzie, who put a great deal of time into the team. Good luck next year!



# Midget Hockey



BACK ROW: G. Carter, G. Smith, G. Hill, B. Spaith, C. Lount, D. Riley.

FRONT ROW: Mr. Bredin, T. Taylor, P. McCreath, R. Flintoft, C. McEwen, B. McKnight, E. Myers.

Strengthened by several new boys and several Bantam A players, the Midget team enjoyed a fair hockey season. The first game was played against the Junior at School at their St. Boniface rink. The game was not too promising as we lost by a score of 6-0. A second game proved much better as we beat College St. Boniface 6-2. These first two games were played before the Christmas Holidays.

Beginning after the Christmas holidays the team did not do quite as well as was expected. The first game at St. Paul's Collegiate ended in a 3-3 tie although we dominated most of the game. Our next game against Assinaboia was played under extremely cold weather conditions. The Indian boys proved to be adapted to it and easily beat us 4-1. This game completed the first round of games in the league.

The second round was against Junior at and this time at Ravenscourt we put up a much more determined effort. We went ahead 2-0 in the first period, but in the end, lost 6-4. Next game was again played at Ravenscourt against CSB whom we beat 5-1. Our last league game against St. Paul's was certainly our worst as we lost 3-0. It was one of those games where nothing just seems to go right. This ended the league season and we ended up in third place with 5 points.

In the play-offs we faced off against Assinaboia at the Indian school and lost 9-1. The second game proved much better than the first as we won 5-4 on a spectacular goal by Peter Bowes from the faceoff. The puck went straight up in the air and dropped in the Assinaboia net, much to the surprise of the Indian goalie. The third game ended 5-0 for Assinaboia and our hopes in the play-offs.

Thus it was not too bad a hockey season for this year. The team would like to express their appreciation to Mr. Bredin for his coaching and advice.



# Senior Hockey



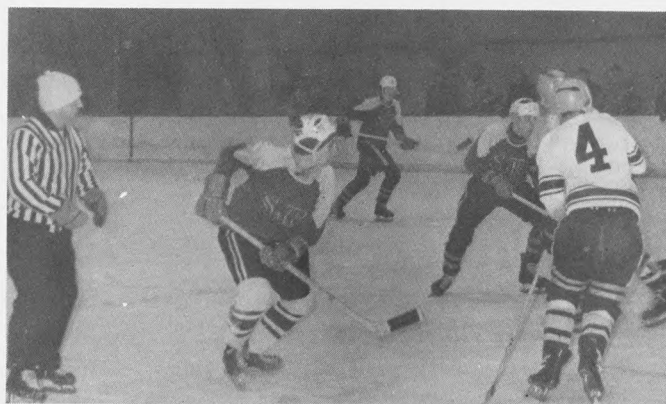
BACK ROW: Mr. Bredin, Gardner, Honeyman, Cousins, Kiddell, Little, Sheen.  
FRONT ROW: Williams, Campbell, Kiddell, Leatherdale, Hammond, McBeath, Magnus.

This year, the Senior team had a rather bad season. Although the team practised even during the Christmas Holidays, we finished the season with a record of two wins, seven losses, and two ties. The season afforded the team a chance to play in a hockey tournament in Minneapolis. In the tournament, the team had two losses and one tie. However, this weekend was most enjoyable. In the semi-finals, the team, led by John Kiddell, tied CSB. In the second game of the two game total point series, CSB won.

The team was led by Dave "Megaphone" MacBeath and John Kiddell. The defense was strong with rib-shattering body checks by Peter Hammond and Kent Cousins. The team was aided by constantly brilliant, pro-style goal tending by Don Honeyman. Our spirits were greatly boosted by Dr. MacBeath's cries of, "Come on Big Green!"

The vastly superior senior team crushed the tottering Old Boys, led by Bob Ramsey and Jock McDonald, in their first encounter. However, in the rematch, the reinforced Old Boys salvaged an overtime win.

All in all, it was a most enjoyable season and we would like to thank Mr. Bredin for his hard, sometimes frustrating work in practice and Mr. Girard for his managerial support.



# The Blake Hockey Trip



BACK ROW: Campbell, McEwen, Kiddell, Gray, McBeath, Williams, Sheen, Smith, Bowes.  
FRONT ROW: Mr. Bredin, Cousins, Kiddell, Flintoft, Honeyman, Little, Hammond, Myers.

It was 7:00 AM, Friday, February 18, and a group of boys milled around impatiently in the front hall. The bus, which was due at 7 o'clock failed to appear. Soon the boarders arose and settled into the daily routine. It was 8:30 when the bus finally arrived, to the relief of all those waiting. Overnight bags and hockey equipment were speedily loaded; the St. John's-Ravenscourt hockey tour was on it's way.

The tour was part of a sudden-death, round-robin hockey tournament to take place at Blake School in Hopkins, Minnesota. There were two Canadian teams: S.J.R. and Rainy River, and two American teams: Blake and Minnehaha.

After an extremely tedious nine-hour bus trip, Hopkins, a suburb of Minneapolis, was reached. "Wow! Look at that Corvette!" yelled "Megaphone" who went car-crazy when he saw all the 'hot' machines in the city. It was 6:40 when the bus arrived at Blake School, giving the team twenty minutes to dress for the game against Minnehaha. Although exhausted from the bus trip, S.J.R. played a hard game, tying Minnehaha 1-1. John Kiddell scored the goal. The team was prepared for a warm indoor rink, and were surprised to find that the Blake rink was indoors, but unheated in fact, it was colder than the air outside.

The team discovered that Blake School is a private school similar to S.J.R. except that it does not have boarding facilities. The school is much wealthier than S.J.R., having an indoor hockey rink as well as outdoor rinks, an indoor swimming pool, a large gymnasium, spacious fields, and other facilities.

After the Minnehaha game, Blake provided the team with hamburgers while the billeting was organized. Blake also played a game that night; they defeated Rainy River. S.J.R. hockey players were billeted with Blake players for Friday and Saturday nights.

On Saturday morning, everyone was free to do what he wanted. At 1:30 S.J.R. played Rainy River. Although S.J.R. played well, they were edged 1-0 by Rainy River. Don Honeyman proved himself to be the greatest asset to the team by his efforts in goal. Afterwards, everybody watched Blake defeat Minnehaha 9-1, and wondered how well S.J.R. would do against Blake's terrific team.

The exciting game between Blake and S.J.R. was played. Although the team realized soon after the game started that they could not defeat Blake, they continued to play their best hockey. Spectators commented on the S.J.R. spirit. The final score was 6-0 for Blake, but even Blake admitted that S.J.R. was a tough, spirited team. Don Honeyman, goal keeper for S.J.R., was hailed as the most outstanding hockey player in the tournament, and was really the backbone of the team.

Since the game was the last in the season for both Blake and S.J.R., everyone was in a celebrating mood. However, spirits were slightly dampened when Mr. Bredin, S.J.R. coach, announced that the bus was to leave Hopkins at the early hour of 8:00 o'clock on Sunday morning.

Everyone managed to get up in time, and the long return journey began shortly after 8:00. The hockey tour weekend had turned out to be a successful and enjoyable experience for everyone.



## Playground A Hockey



BACK ROW: Von Vegesak, David, McGuiness, Mr. Glegg, Gardner, Menzies, McMurray.  
FRONT ROW: Fraser, Boyd, Squire, Bredin, McDonald.

Captain — Ross McKnight

Assistant Captains — Doug McMurray and Brad Gardiner

### GAMES PLAYED AND RESULTS

SJR vs. Westridge	.0-12
SJR vs. Wildwood	.3-0
SJR vs. Victoria	.1-4
SJR vs. Fort Garry	.0-2
SJR vs. Westridge	.0-5
SJR vs. Tuxedo	.3-2
SJR vs. Wildwood	.1-0
SJR vs. Victoria	.1-3
SJR vs. Fort Garry	.0-
SJR vs. Tuxedo	.won by default

## Senior House Hockey

At the beginning of the house games it was falsely thought by all, that Hamber was going to lose it's crown of six straight hockey titles. The team was made up of one Senior team member and a number of basketball and "non-team" players. In the first game Young was over confident and lost 2-1 to a clumsy, inept Hamber team. John Kiddell scored the luckiest goal with a shot from just over the red line which went into the top left hand corner of Leatherdale's net. Young then beat Richardson 3-1, and on Friday, Hamber and Richardson went to Bison Gardens hockey rink at the University of Manitoba. Here Hamber easily won 6-4 to retain its title.



BACK ROW: Colquahoun, Fulton, Klassen, Francis, Van Haren.

FRONT ROW: Jackman, Gardner, Magnus.

## Junior House Hockey



Junior house hockey got under way this year with Richardson and Hamber battling for a win. Hamber won 2-1 in sudden death overtime. Then Hamber took on a decidedly superior Young House team who won 13-2. At Bison Gardens at the University of Manitoba, Young also trounced Richardson 10-0. Through Young did not by quite a convincing score as last year, the spirit of all three houses was high and all the games were a lot of fun.

# Bantam B Hockey



BACK ROW: Mr. Searle, Knowlton, Gemmell, Thomas, Searle, Swartz, Dodds, Mr. Wellard.  
FRONT ROW: Spaith, Shandro, Castling, Campbell, Thrasher, Gardner, Donahue.

I would sincerely like to thank Mr. Wellard, Mr. Searle, and Angus Campbell for faithfully coaching our hockey team this year. Although we have not been tremendously successful, we have shown vast improvement over last year. Our greatest moment came when we defeated previously undefeated Sturgeon Creek. Although we lost the majority of our games, it was by small margins. The team, while enjoying themselves, gave the league runners a run for their money. This year, we participated in a different league from previous years. It made a nice change from the familiar faces of the years before. With a few new men in the line up next year, we should have a championship team.



# Senior Basketball



BACK ROW: Cottick, Francis, Mr. Petrencik, Rider, Lemon.  
FRONT ROW: Fraser, Meredith, MacDonald, Gargett, Wilson.

This year's senior basketball team, under the coaching of Mr. Petrencik, had a very successful season. The starting five of Brian Ryder, Paul Wilson, Ian Fraser, Doug MacDonald, and Craig Francis combined to form a solid defence, but an inconsistent offence kept us from reaching great heights. With constant practice and coaching the team seemed to improve game by game. We finished second behind M.B.C.I. in our league, which also included St. Paul's, United College, and St. Boniface College. In the play-offs, we first played St. Boniface in a two game total point series. The team played well and won both games 36-33 and 57-39. We were outclassed by M.B.C.I. in the finals and lost 68-18. So ended a very successful and enjoyable season for the S.J.R. Senior Basketball Team.

SJR vs St. Vital Y . . . . .	.26-38
SJR vs St. Paul's . . . . .	.41-46
SJR vs Old Boys . . . . .	.39-29
SJR vs Old Boys . . . . .	.38-59
SJR vs Old Boys . . . . .	.55-57
SJR vs United . . . . .	.31-33
SJR vs St. Paul's . . . . .	.50-31
SJR vs St. Boniface . . . . .	.1-0 by default
SJR vs St. Boniface . . . . .	.26-35
SJR vs St. Paul's . . . . .	.41-29
SJR vs United . . . . .	.30-37
SJR vs MBCI . . . . .	.34-32
SJR vs MBCI . . . . .	.23-69

# House Reports

## Richardson House

With house hockey, baseball, volleyball, basketball, track and field, and . . . oh yes; senior soccer not having been played as this is going to the Eagle, it is difficult to predict how well Richardson House will do, but with our strong house spirit and a little luck we are bound to do well. We have picked up some fine new boys and with the strength of our juniors, we will show the school once again the athletic and scholastic ability that Richardson House has shown in the past.

The athletic year started this fall with football. Richardson's 9-man Intermediate and 6-man Junior both placed a close second. The seniors had much the same luck: they were forced to take second place only after a hard fought battle with Hamber. However, our fortunes changed when the Intermediate Soccer team took first place, decisively defeating the other houses.

We now have every reason to expect to win the Master's Shield this year. Richardson House thanks Mr. Wellard, Mr. Glegg, and Mr. Girard, our "never-say-die" coaches for their support.

Angus Campbell, Michael Brook  
— House Captains

## Hamber House

Having won the Master's Shield last year to the unbounded dismay of Richardson and especially Young House, Hamber is well on it's way to doing so again this year, with luck. The Senior House Football team demolished all attempts at opposition early in the year, to give us a fine start, although the Juniors and Intermediates were not quite so fortunate. Seeing they had no chance in soccer, Richardson and Young managed to get the games called off to save themselves embarrassment, but these may be won by us in the Spring if the weather permits. Despite the loss of many of our senior players from Hamber's recent paragon of success, hockey, we have managed to take the lead in the first games of the series, and with luck, will be victorious there, too. This leaves Track and Field and Basketball, for Hamber to concentrate on. Hamber also has the backing of a fine scholastic record which has helped much in the past, especially last year, and which I hope will continue to do so this year. A little care in choosing young recruits in the fall, and Hamber should be on the top for years to come.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the boys of Hamber for their efforts, whether scholastic or athletic and also the Hamber House masters, especially Mr. Waudby for their unrelenting support. With an effort by everyone in the House rather than a few individuals, Hamber should find no trouble in dealing with any competition other Houses can muster in the future.

— Bill Cottick  
House Captain

## Young House

This year, due to the weather, many house sports have not as yet been played. Young House did not win the Senior House Football because half our beef was missing from the line; mainly Peter Hammond. We corrected this by winning Intermediate easily, but to compensate this, we were defeated in Junior Football.

We still have hockey, basketball, soccer, track and field, and baseball to play. Good luck Young.

I would like to express my gratitude to our House Master, Mr. Ainley; my co-captain, Peter Hammond; and prefects, Jamie McDonald, Jim Macdonald, Bill Gray, Bob Williams, Jamie Little, and Doug Diddell. Best of luck to all Young House to win back our Master's Shield.

Muir Meredith  
— Co-House Captain



# Track and Field

The 1965 season saw changes in the age groupings, which have changed the record sheets quite considerably. The new groupings are as follows:

Senior: 17 on or before June 30 in the year of competition.

Intermediate A: 16 on or before June 30 in the year of competition.

Intermediate B: 15 on or before June 30 in the year of competition.

Junior: Under 15 on June 30 in the year of competition.

These changes were made to provide four evenly sized groups for Track and Field, and to reduce the size of the senior group in which 16 year old had to compete with 18 year olds.

Eight new records were established, with the Templeton Trophy for Senior Division Champion going to Alan Graham, the Chisholm Trophy to Peter Schuldermann and Jamie McDonald, the Staff Trophy to Micheal Trew and the Moulden Trophy to Clive McEwen.

All the house relays were won by Young House.

## New Records-1965

SENIOR		
Javelin	126' 3"	Bob Roper
INTERMEDIATE A		
220 yards	23:5	Peter Schuldermann
440 yards	54:3	Peter Schuldermann
880 yards	2:08:4	Peter Schuldermann
Mile	5:06:9	Peter Schuldermann
High Jump	5' 8"	Peter Schuldermann
Discus	120' 9"	Terry Read
JUNIOR		
Hop-step-jump	34' 6 1/2"	Clive McEwen

There was no pole-vault because of the state of the pit, and the short season due to flooding and weather conditions.

With a much smaller entry this year we took only three places. Terry Read placed first in the Primary Discus setting a new school Intermediate A record of 120'9", Peter Schuldermann took third place in the Intermediate 220 yards and Micheal Trew took third place in the Primary 100 yards.

# Athletic Dinner

In late June of 1965, the annual Athletic Dinner was held with Dick Thornton as guest speaker. He spoke to us about the sportmanship in games and the requirements of someone who wishes to become a great athlete.

After the speech given by Mr. Thornton, the various

cups and trophies were handed out to their respective winners.

The last thing to be announced was the winner of the Master's Shield. The fact that Hamber won was a pleasant surprise to everyone so it is hoped that Hamber will win it again this year.

## Awards

Mouden Memorial Trophy  
(Best Rugby Player) . . . . . Ian Boulton  
Cory Cup (Long Jump Champion) . . . . Micheal Trew  
Taylor Cup (High Jump Champion) . . . . Peter Schludermann  
Desmond Cox Cup  
(Mile) . . . . . Alan Graham  
Templeton Cup (Senior Track  
and Field Champion) . . . . . Alan Graham  
Chisholm Cup (Intermediate A  
Track and Field Champion) . . . . Peter Schulderrmann  
Jamie McDonald  
Master's Trophy (Intermediate B  
Track and Field Champion) . . . . . Michael Trew  
Moulden Cup (Junior Track and  
Field Champion) . . . . . Clive McEwen  
Headlam Cup (Lower School Track  
and Field Champion) . . . . . David Wood  
Bedson Cup (Best Gymnast) . . . . . George Little  
Mermagen Cup (Senior House Rugby) . Young House

Micheal Reece Cup (Intermediate  
House Rugby) . . . . . Hamber House  
Osler Shield (6 Man Rugby) . . . . . J. Murray Team  
N.H.L. Trophy (Senior House  
Hockey) . . . . . Hamber House  
Sellers Cup (Junior House  
Hockey) . . . . . Young House  
Chalice Cup (Lower School  
House Hockey) . . . . . New House  
Askey Cup (House Soccer) . . . . . Hamber House  
Masters' Cup (House  
Basketball) . . . . . Richardson House  
Weber Trophy (House Baseball) . . Richardson House  
Hobson Memorial Shield  
(Lower School House Athletics) . . . . Hamber House  
Mills Cup (Proficiency in Athletics  
and Academics in L.S.) . . . . . Robbie McDonald  
Basil Baker Shield (General)  
Proficiency in Hockey) . . . . . Bob Roper  
Lestock Adams Shield (General  
Proficiency in all Athletics) . . . . . Craig Lamb





won 7-2. We were not spectacular, but I felt that our team was finally gaining momentum after a dismal tour prior to the tournament. After a day's rest, we played extremely well during the first period and were leading Poland 4-0. The final score was 6-0. Our third game against Finland was definitely our best of the tournament. We won 8-1, and at no time were we in difficulty. We had one more day off and played East Germany who surprisingly beat the Swedish team, 4-2. This was our worst game of the entire tournament, and had it not been for the superb goal-tending of Ken Broderick, we would not have won 6-0.

Next came the three big games. We had one day off and played Czechoslovakia and then Russia. After another day we were to close against Sweden. The Czechoslovakian game was most disappointing. When we were allowed to play them on an even basis, we usually dominated the play. However we had eleven penalties called against us, most of them being very questionable, while we had two goals disallowed. I believe that the biggest farce occurred when our goalie, Seth Martin, drew a penalty. This occurred after a Czechoslovakian player had a breakaway. After he shot the puck, the player accidentally stepped on Seth's hand and then fell into the boards. Seth not only stopped the puck but was also cut on the hand requiring three stitches, and received a two minute penalty for tripping. This, plus other events throughout the game and the tournament, has left a rather bitter taste on the tip of our tongues. Because of the many occasions when we played short-handed, our players were extremely tired, and this is perhaps one of the reasons while they were able to score with only twenty-nine seconds remaining in the game. The result was Czechoslovakia 2, Canada 1.

Our entire team, along with sports' writers and Embassy officials, met for six hours to decide if there was any action which we could take to correct the glaring bias of the officials. It was decided, under the guidance of Father Bauer, that the only course of action we could take would be to continue with the final games with as much determination and effort as possible, hoping that we would not again be the victims of this type of officiating. I am well aware that some of the above will appear as "sour grapes," but it is the truth.

After a restless night, we prepared for our game against Russia. The World Champions, and they definitely deserve the honour, defeated us 3-0. I still believe that had it not been for the penalty-studded Czechoslovakian game and the resulting six hour meeting, we might have fared better against this powerful team, and possibly even won. However, once again, the Russian team is a deserving champion. After a terrible period against the Swedes we were down 1-0. Once again we were subjected to poor officiating and had a goal disallowed and were given many doubtful penalties. The crowd's support, they were 100% in favour of our team, and the fact that Lorne Davis received a ten stitch cut after being hit on the head, turned the tide for us. The Swedes were given a five minute penalty and we promptly scored two goals to take command. The final score was 4-2 in our favour.

Although we were happy to receive a Bronze Medal, our team felt that we were at least the second best team, and therefore deserved the silver.

One point that I would like to dwell on for a short time concerns the spirit and pride of our nation. In Canada, national pride appears to be non-existent. It surprised many of our new players to find that we were far more popular in Europe than back home. We also felt that support from our government, (even in the form of telegrams), was very weak. The government of Canada must realize that the Canadian National Hockey Team is not simply playing hockey, but also is deeply involved in politics, much against its will. Therefore the team definitely needs strong support from the government and from the people of Canada.

BARRY MacKENZIE

# ACTIVITIES





# Prize Winners 1965

## Special Prizes

<i>His Excellency the Governor General's Medal for General Proficiency</i> .....	Terry Folinsbee
<i>British Public School's Prize</i> .....	Derek Funnell — Form VI Upper
<i>Walter Burman Prize for Latin</i> .....	John Gemmell — Form IIA Barry Stevens — Form IIA
<i>Thomas Harland Memorial Prize for Science and Mathematics</i> .....	John Nanson — Form VA Upper
<i>Jean Joy Memorial English Prize</i> .....	Robert Sanders (1964)
<i>Board of Governor's Medal for Lower School</i> .....	Brian Spooner — Form 7-E.W.
<i>Frederick Johnson Memorial Prize</i> .....	Derek Funnell — Form VI Upper
<i>Norman Young English and History Prize</i> .....	Robert Sanders (1964)
<i>J.L. Doupe Prize for Mathematics</i> .....	John Gemmell — Form IIA
<i>McEachern Memorial Science Prizes</i> .....	Peter Lemon — Form IV-A James Lawson — Form III-A
<i>Dorothy Hoskin Memorial Prize for English</i> .....	Not Awarded
<i>P.H.A. Wykes Mathematics Prize</i> .....	William Ramsey — Form VI
<i>Perreault Lower School French Prize</i> .....	Nathan Kobrinsky — Form 7-E.W. John Bredin — Form 7-E.W. Scott McPherson — Form 7-E.W.
<i>Lower School Prizes:</i>	
<i>Mathematics</i> .....	Scott McPherson — Form 7-E.W.
<i>English</i> .....	Nathan Kobrinsky — Form 7-E.W.
<i>Scripture</i> .....	John Bredin — Form 7-E.W.
<i>Art</i> .....	Jamie Campbell — Form 7-E.W.
<i>Music</i> .....	Christopher Smith — Form 7-E.W.
<i>Walter J. Burman and Associates Prize</i> .....	James Lawson — Form III-A
<i>Lower School Honours Trophy</i> .....	Young House
<i>Master's Shield for Total Points</i> .....	Hamber House
<i>The "Eagle" Prize</i> .....	Micheal Fox — Form VI
<i>Photography Prize</i> .....	David Sprague — Form IV-A John Nanson — Form V-A
<i>Chown Prize for Music</i> .....	Graham Morris — Form II-A
<i>Lower School Spelling Cup</i> .....	Philip Squire — Form 7-E.W.

## Form Prizes for General Proficiency

Form I Lower .....	Micheal McGoe
Form II Lower .....	Ted Leach
Form III Lower .....	Mark Bredin
Form IV Lower .....	Stuart Guest
Form V Lower .....	Ivan McMorris
Form VI Lower .....	Micheal Hammond
Form VII Lower .....	Rorie Bruce
Form VII E.W. ....	Nathan Kobrinsky
Form II-A .....	John Gemmell
Form II-B .....	Randy Makinen
Form III-A .....	James Lawson
Form III-B .....	Robert Dunstan
Form IV-A .....	Mark Jackman
Form IV-B .....	John Kilgour

# Prize Day



Survival of the fittest



Alright, 30 dikes for everyone

The annual Prize Day Ceremonies were held on June 11, 1965. Mr. George V. Ferguson, Editor-in-Chief of the Montreal Star, was the guest speaker. He talked about the long-delayed awakening of French Canada and Quebec. He first outlined the repression of progress in Quebec until recently, and then spoke of upheavals and sweeping reforms there since 1960. He stressed the necessity for the rest of Canada to recognize French Canada and its aspirations, and stated he already sensed the birth of a new Canada growing out of the present conflict. Mr. Ferguson ended by saying: "I will be surprised if the birth takes place with drums beating and flags wildly flying. It will creep in on us, imperceptibly and stage by stage, and it will be announced in a series of platform and parliamentary speeches, none of which will ever find a place in the next volume of 'The World's Greatest Oratory.'" Everybody will be so busy explaining that nothing new has happened that nobody will send any flowers to the funeral or telegrams of congratulations to the happy parents."

Mr. Ferguson's address was followed by the awarding of the prizes for academic achievement. The announcement of the next year's School Captain, Bill Cottick, made a climatic end to the proceedings, and after the ceremonies were over, he was escorted to the traditional baptism in the waters of the Red.

## Speakers to the School

### MR. DICK THORNTON

In October, Dick Thornton of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers presented the school with a track and field trophy. While speaking at last year's athletic dinner, Mr. Thornton found that the school had no trophy for Intermediate B Track and Field competition and promised to provide one. After the presentation was made, Mr. Thornton gave a short talk on his views about football. We wish to thank Mr. Dick Thornton for his generosity and to acknowledge him as a friend to this school.

### MR. KIDDELL

When the India - Pakistan crisis was at its height, Mr. Kiddell, Head of Lower School, spoke to both Upper and Lower School about the two countries. Mr. Kiddell, who was born in India and who taught in Pakistan for three years, explained to us the long standing economics, political, and religious factors which resulted in the conflict. This talk clarified our understanding of the situation and we wish to thank Mr. Kiddell for his interesting presentation.

### MR. GLEGG

Mr. Glegg spoke to the school about the Rhodesian crisis. He spent much of his childhood in Rhodesia and is a graduate of the University of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. He outlined for us the present situation in Rhodesia, Prime Minister Smith's plan and Britain's objections to it. I am sure that everyone's understanding of the situation in Rhodesia was increased by this invaluable talk.



#### MR. CHRISTOPHER KISOSONKOLA

In November, Mr. Kisosonkola from Uganda visited the school. Mr. Kisosonkola was educated in England and Uganda and now holds the position of County Chief in one of the counties of Buganda, a province in Uganda. After eating lunch at the school, Mr. Kisosonkola spoke to the entire school about the government and economy of his country. He proved a most interesting speaker and was enjoyed by everyone.

#### MR. LAURENS VAN DER POST

On the afternoon of November 19, Colonel Laurens van der Post was the guest of the school. After lunch, the whole school went to the assembly hall where the noted author and explorer of the Kalahari Desert entertained us with stories of his explorations and parts of a film based on his book "The Lost World of the Kalahari." His expedition into the Kalahari and his re-discovery of the bushman tribe were shown in this exciting film. All who met him found him to be a most interesting personality and speaker.

#### DR. MORGAN WRIGHT

Dr. Wright, a psychologist, spoke to the senior class on the afternoon of Thursday, February 3. A specialist in clinical psychology, Dr. Wright introduced psychology to the sixth form as "the human science" and spoke about psychological methods and testing.

As a result of the intense interest shown, it was arranged that all the grade twelves take a series of psychological examinations including aptitude, intelligence, interest and personality tests. At the conclusions of the testing, Dr. Wright will explain to each boy the significance of his results. These exams should prove invaluable as guidance material and we wish to thank Dr. Wright for contributing so much of his time to this project.

#### MR. BARRY MacKENZIE

Mr. Barry MacKenzie of Lower School, spoke to us on March 28 about the world hockey tournament in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. As a defenceman on Canada's national hockey team, Mr. MacKenzie was able to travel and play hockey in many European countries this winter. We were shown slides of the team's travels; from Winnipeg to Baden Baden, to Prague and finally to the world tourney in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. Mr. MacKenzie told us that the communist countries consider hockey as more of a political contest between themselves and the free world, than a game. Consequently, they go to great pains to win. Also, we were told that Canada had been the victim of biased officiating and that Canadian players were rightly disgusted with the treatment that they were sometimes given on their European tour. He was very impressed with the enthusiasm of the European fans and suggested that Canadians seemed to lack national pride. We thank Mr. MacKenzie for his talk and slides which were thoroughly enjoyed.

# Father & Son Weekend

The annual Father and Son Weekend proved to be a great success, well honoured by the many fathers who turned out despite the frigid temperatures.

Saturday, the twenty-third of October, was opened by coffee and a welcoming speech by Muir Meredith. Then the brave spectators viewed the soccer games until white with frostbite. The senior team trounced the old boys while the Junior Upper School Team and also the Lower School Junior House Teams bruised their shin bones.

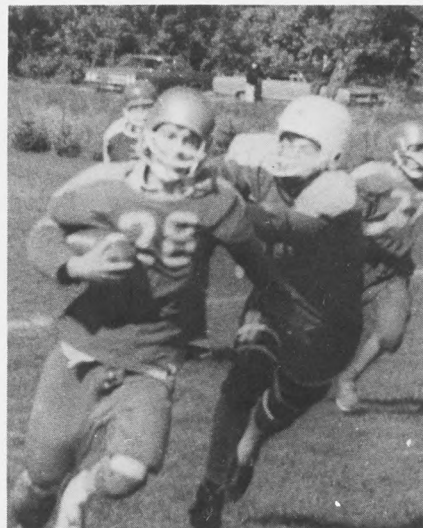
While the Bantam Footballers were playing, the fathers whipped their sons in the shooting match. The Saints were proven the champions of the six-man field while the Lower School Senior House Soccer teams played until the Fathers drummed up the courage and warm clothes to take up the challenge of the Lower School boys.

Mr. Shepherd then directed the Lower School Play, "The Emperor Who Could Not Sleep" which was followed by an informal lunch and their many displays of art and science.

The Senior Football team ended the day by beating Daniel McIntyre, 25-7.

At the annual banquet Bill Cottick, School Captain, toasted the fathers. Mark Henderson, head boy of the Lower School, then opened the entertainment which consisted of the usual magician's act greatly enjoyed by all. Mr. McLeod directed a series of "Front Page Challenge" followed by our own "Spectres."

A great weekend came to a fitting end on Sunday with a Chapel Service conducted by Reverend Donald Ray of Fort Garry United Church followed by an Alberta victory at the usual tug-of-war.





## Chapel Services

In the spring of the last school year, a chapel service was held at the end of the Grade eight's, nine's, and Ten's school year. Another chapel service was held during the Red River Scholarship weekend.

This term, as in previous years, chapel was held at the school on some Sundays. Due to the intense winter cold, it was sometimes held at the school for as long as four weeks in a row.

Sunday service was an ideal opportunity for closing the gap between the boarders and dayboys. With more than half of the year left to go, it is hoped that more dayboys will be coming to chapel. Sometimes, the staff invited the Grade Twelves to have coffee with them after the service, and everybody hopes it will become a tradition.

Sermons were given by Mr. Gordon, Mr. McLeod and Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Gordon gave the major part of them. They had to do with the virtues in oneself, and how one should cultivate them to bring more happiness to himself and others.

On the Father and Son weekend, a service was held with the boys reading the prayers and the lessons. As usual, there was a minister from a nearby church, the Reverend Ray, of the Fort Garry United Church, who gave the sermon.

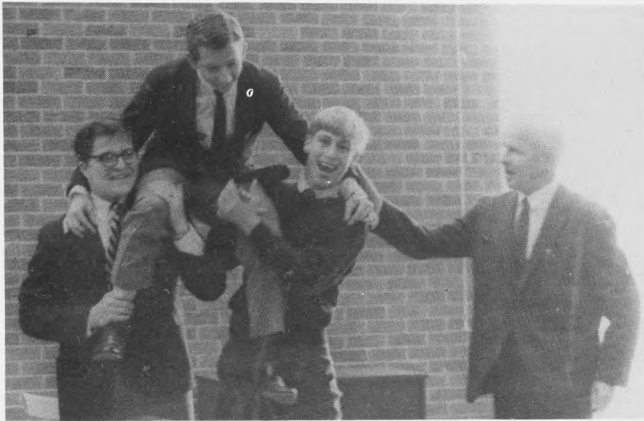
During the week, chapel was also held, but it was different from last year in that it was only held on Monday's, Wednesday's, and Friday's. The reason for this was that the form master could have twenty minutes to talk to his class, and to help them in anything they wanted answered. On Fridays, Lower and Upper School came together for the service in Hamber Hall, with an Upper School boy reading the lesson one week, and a Lower School boy reading on the following week.

## Elections

This year the school, as the rest of Canada, experienced a federal election campaign. We had candidates representing the four political parties: Bill Gray, Social Credit; Muir Meredith, Liberal; Errol Naiman, Conservative; and Richard Woodhead, N.D.P.

The campaigning was somewhat exciting and for the most part, serious. The Liberals had signs M.M. (pussy cat) for P.M. while the Conservatives retorted with E.N. for P.M. In the final stages of the campaign, the four supporters of the candidates nominated their man and extolled his virtues. These speeches were most thoroughly prepared by Peter Fahlgren, Conservative; Peter Hammond, Liberal; Kerry Magnus, Social Credit; and Douglas Kiddell, N.D.P.

At last the campaigning was finished and Monday, November first, was the day the winner would be declared. Mr. Bredin was the official returning officer and after the speeches were given by the candidates, he supervised the balloting and made sure, along with the party scrutineers that everything was done fairly. As the various polls came in, the tension built up because a close fight was developing between the Conservatives and the Liberals which was not decided until the final poll. I am sure that all those who participated had fun, but I also think they received an insight into the national political scene. The results were: Conservative — 82, Liberal — 79, N.D.P. — 21, and Social Credit — 7.



Let me tell you a story

## Christmas Presents

At Christmas this year, it was decided that the school would send old clothes and toys to the Indian reservations in Northern Manitoba and in the Northwest Territories. A group was formed to take charge of the project, and boys in the Upper and Lower School were asked to bring as much as they could. One Saturday morning, the group under John Kiddell met to pack the clothes and toys and send them to Pelican Rapids.

So great was the success from the Lower School that the Upper School sent off another load early in December. This time the organization was taken care of by Bill Gray. We have since then received a warm letter of thanks from Mrs. R. Philipp, Fort Providence, to whom the packages were sent.

It is hoped that similar projects will be undertaken in the future.



The Great Care Package Heist

# The Carol Service

The choir put in many hours of work practising for the choral concert at Christmas, and their work was well rewarded. Under the direction of Mr. Shepherd, the choir produced a very good performance and the members of the audience expressed the point of view that the performance was one of the best put on by the school choir. There were many personal congratulations on the performance by members of the audience, and Mr. Shepherd himself seemed quite pleased at the outcome.

Over the years that I have been here, I have noticed a distinct improvement in the quality of the music of the school choir each succeeding year. If this continues, and there is no reason why it should not, we will soon have one of the best choirs in the city.



## The Choir

Last year, S.J.R. added a choir to its many other activities. This year, it continued under the careful guidance of Mr. Shepherd. A new member was added to the choir in the form of Mrs. Barret who plays the piano and thus complicated the situation with irrelevant matters such as the meter of certain hymns. However, with big booming basses such as Peter Fahlgren and famous tenors such as Angus Campbell, the choir made great progress, making their first appearance in the Carol Service which proved to be quite successful. Mr. Shepherd introduced many new songs to the choir, among which were "This Land is My Land" and "Chim-Chim-Cheree." Both were readily accepted by almost all the members of the choir. The only disapproval came from the tenors who complained of the high notes in "This Land is My Land."

A trip was planned to Breck School in Minneapolis this year, as a return trip from last year's appearance of the Breck Choir. However, this was soon called off because of the lack of attendance of certain Upper School members of the choir. Hardly a week went by when somebody did not come. Because of this, Mr. Shepherd had to teach the parts of various songs over again. Due to this slackness on the choir's part, the choir never did make it to Breck. However, there is always next year and let's hope that the boys are a little more enthusiastic about it then. The members of the choir would like to express their thanks to Mr. Shepherd and Mrs. Barret who give so much of their time and effort into the making of the choir.





# Ski Trip



Never have so many people got out of S.J.R. in so little time. By 4:00, Friday, January 22, the two buses were loaded with their 80 occupants and on their ten hour trip to Fort William, Ontario.

After a hardy, if somewhat late meal at Dryden, the senior bus settled down to the serious task of raising a storm. You haven't lived till you've ridden in a bus at 1 o'clock when half the people want to sleep and half want to sing.

We arrived at Prince Arthur Hotel at 3:30, Fort William time relatively sleepless. However, thanks to the masters' tender care, we hit the slopes of Loch Lomond's at 10:00 A.M. It wasn't long before Ravens were hitting the slopes quite literally. Fortunately, lessons were given by Meredith, Malcolmson, Shandro, Gardner and Gray to the rank novices. However, this didn't prevent the tenderfoot class from showing the rest of the group how to ski, and following McGoe's example of taking full advantage of the powder snow. By noon, it became very easy to recognize a skier from St. John's Ravenscourt. However, they stuck at it gamely, and by the end of the day, were greatly improved. Meanwhile, the other skiers took full advantage of Loch Lomond's excellent range of ski runs, from expert to novice. Buses were scheduled to leave at 9:00 and after a slight delay for an overeager skier, we headed back to the Prince Arthur. At dinner, we were joined by Peter Schuldermann, and Bob Colquhoun who raced a downhill at Mt. Baldy that day, Cooney placed third and Schludermann came tenth.

That night, most of the seniors went to the Forth Dimension for a dance, where everybody proved that dancing was much harder than skiing, except for Schmidt and Meredith, who played it safe, and got home early. As the 12:00 deadline approached, boys were stuck with the sobering problem of how to cover the five miles to the hotel in time. Various means of transportation were used, from taxi-cabs to G.T.O.'s.

Sunday morning, after a good night's sleep everybody was fresh and eager to get out on the slopes. Skiing was just as good as on Saturday, and S.J.R. somewhat regained status, by reinforcements in the persons of Calquhoun and Schludermann. Fortunately, casualties were light, with only one novice (Woodhead) and one intermediate (Magnus) sustaining injuries.

After dinner and thanks to Mr. Weir, the buses headed back for Winnipeg. The trip home was somewhat more uneventful than the trip there and we arrived more or less intact at 3:00 A.M. The day was unanimously declared a ski Monday and so most people managed to get a full night's sleep; although some felt that wasn't enough and slept Tuesday also.

However, except for Mr. Bredin, who lost a hockey player, everybody enjoyed the trip, which was very successful. Thanks go especially to Mr. Wellard, who worked very hard to make the trip a success, to Mr. Weir who so generously provided the skiers with free rooms, and to Mr. Leonard, Mr. MacKenzie, Mr. Geith, and the prefects, who so capably helped to manage the trip.





This year the winter carnival was held on February fifth. The day was perfect as the temperature was twenty above and the sun was shining brightly. Events began at about one-thirty with a broomball game, which never did seem to end. Armed with brooms, shovels or broken hockey sticks, the broomball crowd set the jubilant mood for the rest of the day. Following the broomball game the senior hockey team played a game of HACK-EY against the fierce opposition of four Balmoral Hall players and several other girls. Many thanks to those girls who helped to knock the senior team and its helpers down a notch or two.

Several ski-doo's were giving people rides and many thanks to their owners. Just before the ski-doo race was held, ending the afternoon, a toboggan race was run. The two teams, each consisting of four boys and four girls batted it out on the snow covered football field. There was no winner, as in the end, all the boys were pulling all the girls on the same toboggan. The afternoon ended with Mr. Gardiner winning the long and skill testing ski-doo race.

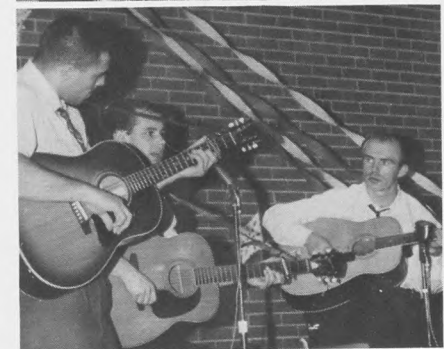
Hockey and tobogganing seemed the favorites of the lower school. There were several families out at the carnival and I would like to express my thanks to those parents who helped supervise and support the carnival. The carnival ended for the lower school with a party for the younger boys and a tally-ho for the older ones.

Events in the evening began with the annual beauty queen contest. Miss Bryan Ryder won the contest and Miss Jamie Little and Miss Peter Fahlgren were chosen as her princesses by the applause of the on-lookers.

Following the beauty queen contest, the carnival mob left for the tally-ho at Western Stables. It was a warm evening, but many of the boys complained about the cold (?). On the arrival of the mob back at the school, Mr. Girard and two of his friends entertained the group for about half an hour by singing folk songs. After the hootenanny the dance began. The SPECTRES did an excellent job and the dance seemed to be a great success. At last, however, twelve o'clock signalled the end of the 1966 winter carnival.

It was a big success financially. The carnival committee now has a large sum of money which is going to be given to Fort Providence as a gift from the school for some object the town has urgent need of.

In closing, I would like to thank Harold and Mrs. Fitzsimmons and all the boys who helped to organize the carnival, for their assistance in making the carnival the success it was.





# Murder in

This year the school abandoned its customary pattern of biennial major dramatic productions, and tackled an interesting, unusual and challenging play — *Murder in the Cathedral* by T.S. Eliot. This play, written mostly in verse, relates the story of Archbishop of Canterbury Thomas Becket's return to England from exile in France, where he had gone as a result of conflict between him and King Henry and his subsequent assassination in the Cathedral of Canterbury at the hands of the King's knights. The play affords diverse, challenging rôles and the unusual addition of a chorus, similar to that of Greek drama, makes it most suitable for a large cast.

The casting took place in December, and all the major parts were filled in time for memory work to begin over the holidays. Rehearsals began in January on a less rigorous but more intensive schedule than had been adopted for former productions. One major rehearsal weekend was held in February, and it was not long before dress rehearsal and performance dates, March 24-26 had arrived. On the evening of the dress rehearsal the cast were the guests of Mr. Gordon at an excellent Chinese dinner held at Chan's restaurant; everyone enjoyed this immensely.

Due to the nature of the play it was obviously more effective to present it in a Church rather than in a theatre, and we were most fortunate in receiving wonderful co-operation from Holy Trinity Anglican Church, an impressive and beautiful building downtown.

It is difficult in a yearbook write-up to assess accurately or honestly the performances of the actors. If one, or both, of the Winnipeg newspapers would accept our invitation to review the play we could then rely on their critical judgment and merely pass it on to the readers of *The Eagle*. In the opinion of those who voiced their impressions, the characterization of Becket as portrayed by Aaron Schwartz was a great achievement. Aaron gave to the rôle dignity and poise; he spoke his lines with feeling and sincerity and brought an understanding to the part which was remarkable for a boy of sixteen. In the rôles of the three priests Muir Meredith, Bill



# *the Cathedral*



Cottick and John Kiddell deserved great praise. They maintained a high level performance and supported Aaron ably in all the major scenes. Both Muir Meredith and John Kiddell delivered their major speeches beautifully. Of the four tempters Brian Ryder deserves the most credit for improvement during the production, and this, after all, is the purpose of SJR productions — to train actors. Ryder was specially impressive on the Saturday night; however Ian Fraser, Bill Gardner and Mark Jackman also acted well and delivered their lines well and with conviction. The four knights, David Sprague, Peter Fahlgren, Bill Gray and Paul Schmidt, gave equally smooth and effective performances and in the modern transition section of the play, where the four explain their actions, Paul Schmidt carried off a character part extremely well. Terry McGaughey, as the messenger, should be mentioned with credit for a good delivery of his lines.

The chorus, as a whole, did an excellent job; Ron Little, the leader, kept a steady hand on the helm and was ably assisted by Rob McCarten and Edward Orton. There was a discipline and precision in the delivery of the chorus' lines which not only made an admirable background to the major speeches, but which brought out the music and variety of Eliot's words. They are to be congratulated.

Many thanks are due to the people who devoted a great deal of time and energy to the success of the play. Mark Glasgow, as stage manager, and the creator of many excellent properties, Bill McWilliams who handled the lighting, John Kilgour who helped with and organized properties all deserve credit for work well done. Special thanks are extended to Mr. Geith, who organized ticket sales, to Mr. Hammond who, with Mrs. Maurer, did the make-up; to Mr. Ronald Gibson, who provided the organ music; to Mrs. Stewart who did such a wonderful job on costumes, and who proved to be an invaluable help backstage; to Mrs. Maurer, who devoted much time to the play as assistant director and especially to Mr. McLeod the director, to whose tireless effort and ability may be attributed the ultimate success of the play.





# CAST

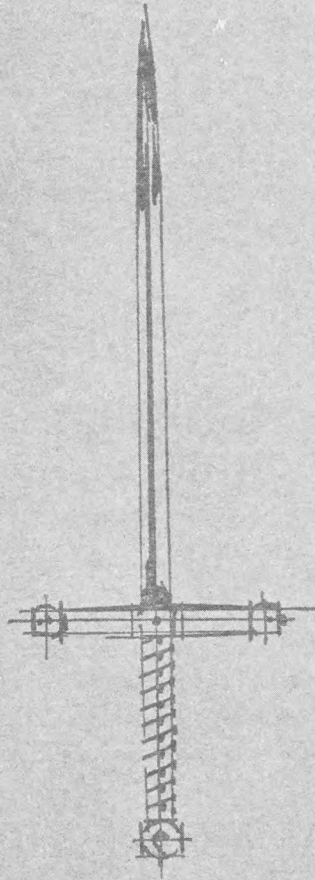
BECKET ..... Aaron Schwartz

PRIESTS ..... Muir Meredith  
Bill Cottick  
John Kiddell

MESSENGER ..... Terry McGaughey

TEMPTERS ..... Ian Fraser  
Mark Jackman  
Bill Gardner  
Brian Ryder

KNIGHTS ..... David Sprague  
Peter Fahlgren  
Bill Gray  
Paul Schmidt



# CHORUS

Ronald Little (Leader)  
Graham Morris  
Sandy Kellett  
Sandy Chown  
Paul Lewis  
Jack Gemmell  
Lauren Jacklin  
Bruce Knowlton  
Mark Dallas  
Peter McCreath  
Bruce Young  
Jack Murray

STAGE MANAGER ..... Mark Glasgow

PROPERTIES ..... John Kilgour

LIGHTING ..... Bill McWilliams

PROMPTER ..... Richard Woodhead



DIRECTOR ..... Gordon D. McLeod

ASST. DIRECTOR ..... Sheila Maurer

COSTUME MISTRESS ..... Judy Stewart

MAKE-UP ..... J. A. Hammond  
Sheila Maurer

PATRONS ..... The Most Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Clark  
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. McMurray  
Rev. and Mrs. V. H. Sangwine  
Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Searle, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sellers

## PRODUCTIONS BY S.J.R.:

JULIUS CAESAR — 1959 (Manitoba Theatre Centre)

MACBETH — 1961 (Manitoba Theatre Centre)

THE BOY DAVID — 1963 (Playhouse Theatre)

BILLY BUDD — 1965 (Playhouse Theatre)



# Options

This year, a new program was initiated in the school. The success of last year's compulsory cadet activities was rather limited and consequently it was decided that a new program for Monday afternoons, consisting of activities of the individuals choice, should be created. The initial organization and subsequent administrative duties involved in this year's option program were appropriated to David Fitzjohn and Aaron Schwartz.

Early in the year, they circulated a questionnaire throughout the Upper School which assisted in instigating the range of interests and organization of groups. From the accumulated information, several groups were established. Cadets claimed the greatest number of students for a single group, enticed by the options of judo, shooting, and the band. For those interested in science, physics, electronics, and biology, clubs were set up. The drama club attracted the more theatrically inclined, while the current events, debating, chess, camera, art, weight-lifting, and gym clubs constituted the remainder.

We feel that the options program in its first year of existence was reasonably successful in achieving its aim of enabling students to participate in an activity in which they were interested, and in offering instruction and facilities which enabled the individual to obtain the maximum benefit from his particular choice of activity. We hope that the options program will be continued in the years to come, improving and offering more and more opportunities for the boys to expand and develop their interests.

## Weight Training

Before going further, I think it is necessary to clarify what I mean when I refer to weight-training. A popular misconception is that weight-training is the same as weight-lifting. Such is not the case. When one weight-lifts, one attempts using specified techniques, to hoist as much weight in a given lift as one possibly can. When one weight-trains, on the other hand, one attempts to put one's body into better condition through a prescribed set of exercises using barbells.

It was the purpose of the weight-training club to do three things: to allow any interested boys to learn to train with weights safely and under supervision, to teach such boys an effective system of exercises with which to achieve the goals each had set for himself, and to help each member to understand and appreciate the capacities of his body and to work towards a more efficient body.

I do not think that the weight-training club was as successful this year as it might have been. This was due to the fact, I think, that weight-training is hard work and that few who came to participate actually were prepared to stick with it. Those who did, surely reaped ample benefits and will, I hope, carry it on faithfully for themselves.

## Physics Option

The physics group, composed of David Fitzjohn, Errol Naiman, Gregory Klassen, and David Sprague, and under the guidance of Mr. Olsen, has enjoyed a successful year. The Father's and Son's Weekend provided an opportunity for the physics group to show its mettle: Naiman and Sprague exhibited their first place entry in the 1965 Manitoba Schools Science Fair, "A Study of Bodies in Motion," while Fitzjohn and Klassen, using dry ice pucks, showed properties of unrestricted motion. After this event, Naiman and Sprague prepared another project, "A Study of Motion in a Frictionless Frame of Reference" for the forthcoming Manitoba Schools Fair, while Fitzjohn and Klassen did advanced studies in P.S.S.C. experiments. All in all, we feel that this has been a most profitable year for all those involved with the activities of the Physics group, and we sincerely thank Mr. Olsen for his time and effort.

## *The Spectres*

The Spectres, that famed rock-n-roll group of great note, closed ranks again this year to form a new band. Well known drummer Lee "choker" Trough joined up, along with bass guitar virtuoso Dennis "The Twitch" Riley. Guitarists Dave "lightingfast" Everett and Doug "I'm busy after school" MacKay reached new heights this year. Despite public demand, the Spectres played at the Football Dance, at the Winter Carnival Dance, and also managed to fight their way into the yearbook.



## *The Chess Club*

The Chess Club has been highly successful this year, as the events have been varied and interesting. We started off with a Round Robin Tournament, which Peter Lemon won by defeating Wayne Mitchell and Jack Murray in a play-off.

A new chess trophy will be the trophy for a school-wide tournament to be held in April. The trophy with the winner's name on it will remain in the school, while the victor will have a knight-figure for his personal trophy.

A great honour will be accorded us in late March when Mr. Abe Yonofsky, present Canadian Chess Champion, Grand Master and former British Empire Champion will visit the school and demonstrate his abilities. He will play a large number of boys at once, and we will be pleased if anyone can manage even a draw with him.

Other events coming up are a series of challenge matches with other schools and a challenge match between masters and boys. It is hoped that the foregoing events will become annual highlights of an interesting and popular Chess Club.

## *The Current Affairs Option*

Each Monday at three-forty five, the Current Affairs' group assembled in the A-2 classroom. Here, under the supervision of Mr. Wellard, the group analyzed the problems of the world. Prepared topics were presented and discussed, and sometimes, conclusions were made. In the course of the year, the Current Affairs' group met with some success in learning something about today's world. An even better year is expected to begin in the fall.



## *Drama*

This year, for the first time, the school had a Drama Club, whereas in the past, only those associated with the School Play had an opportunity to participate in and learn about acting and the theatre in general.

Under the direction of Mr. McLeod, the club started off early in the year by electing an executive, who were as follows: President: Aaron Schwartz, Vice President: Muir Meredith, and Secretary and Treasurer: Doug MacDonald.

During the year there were read-through's of various plays, followed by open discussions. "The Adding Machine" by Edgar Rice, an expressionistic play, was given the most detailed analysis. In November, Mr. Edward Gilbert, from the Manitoba Theatre Center, presented an interesting and well-received talk on the forthcoming production of "Andorra." One evening, members of the Club went to see the play. The show was followed by Chinese dinner at Chan's.

The latter part of the year was spent mainly on working with the school production of "Murder in the Cathedral." Every member of the Drama Club took some part in helping with the production: some boys had roles in the play, others helped with costumes, make-up, lightings and props, while yet others took part in ticket sales promotion and advertising. Thus all members of the club had an opportunity to take part in an actual theatrical production, some of them for the first time.

We feel that the Drama Club got off to a good start this year, and hope it will continue with increasing success in future years. The members of the Club wish to extend their sincerest thanks to Mr. McLeod for the time and effort he put into it.

## *Electronics*

The electronics option is an extension of last year's electronics club. Its primary interest is the education of students in the field of electronics using a "learn-while-you-work" technique. In this direction the group has had a great amount of assistance. Quite a number of radios have been donated in a working or semi-working state. These have either been repaired or dismantled completely and used for parts. With these, a high voltage direct current power supply was built by George Black which will prove useful in future projects.

The group has also received three television sets, of which one is in working condition and is now in use. The remaining television sets have been salvaged for working parts and there is talk of building an F.M. radio with them.

The club is financially independent of the school and has its own treasury from which money is drawn to buy tools and other necessary equipment. The initial membership fee is five dollars and is made to go a long way. Operating from the school as the club is advantageous in a number of ways: there is a vast number of prospective donators of radio equipment; the club receives a fairly substantial discount on all equipment purchased brand-new.

The group just recently received some amateur radio or "ham" equipment and work is underway to set up a small radio station. As soon as one of the members becomes a licensed radio operator, the station will go into action.

Although the group is primarily interested in electronics, it does do the occasional electrical work, such as re-wiring the ovens in the lab, and, occasionally, designing electrical equipment that would be useful to the school.

## *Biology*

The school has been fortunate in having a plant laboratory with artificial lighting. Students have been using the lab to start many new projects. During the coming year, plant breeding experiments are to be started with a view to producing new varieties of some plants. Much of the material produced will be used in the future to beautify the school grounds.

In the spring term it is hoped that at least two classes will visit the Pinewood Forest Nursery. Also, a new outdoor experimental plot is to be prepared where further work will be started.

Growing plants and trees is a slow project which takes time. The results of the work which has been started this year will become much more evident in the years which follow.

# LITERARY





## *A Light*

The scorching summer sun hung half way down the sky. The three of us had been driving all day with a break for lunch. Despite the rolled down windows, large drops of perspiration ran down my uncle's forehead as he drove the car along the twisting road. My aunt lay stretched out in the back seat, dropping off into small dozes only to be reawakened by another deep pit in the road. It was Sunday, our fifth and last day in the mountains. We were winding our way out of the south-east corner of the Canadian Rockies. The large mountains were long behind us and now we were just making our way back along the broad wooded valleys. The unbearable heat and our boredom brought about by long hours in the car, was having its effect on us; as for me, I had a hollow pain in my stomach.

Out-stretched across my knee lay a half folded map of British Columbia and Alberta. I etched another pen mark along the red line on the map keeping track of our journey through the mountains. On the previous days I had done this at night, but now every few miles I extended the pen line a little further. During the course of late morning and early afternoon it had gone through Wardner, Elko, and Fernie, and was now twisting its way up to two small twin towns, Natal and Michel. I was looking forward to them, for they were the last towns before Crowsnest Pass. I wanted to see this famous landmark for it would be some thing interesting in this uninteresting day.

With the long summer day the torrid sun still clung above the mountains. No cloud moved across the blue sky. No birds flew from bush green trees. No car drove on the long black mountain road, just us. It was quite lonely, but we knew that around a few more bends we would be in Natal and her twin town.

Yes, just around a couple of bends and there they were. I lifted my head from the map in which it was buried, and looked around. My aunt opened her bleary eyes and gave a noisy yawn followed by a question: "Is this Natal?" My uncle stirred from his trance-like position at the wheel and answered in the affirmative, and continued, "But it sure doesn't look like the Natal I saw here ten years ago."

I did not think it was worth the commotion. There it lay just in front of us, black and lifeless like a ghost. Nothing stirred down its main street, the highway. Maybe it was just because it was a Sunday afternoon? Two rows of houses stretched down the road getting more closely packed and nearer to the road as we went along. Each house was a blackened brown, not a patch of white showing through, except maybe a board just recently nailed across a window. Each house looked the same, each with the veranda hanging off the house like the tongue of a baby.

Their tiny yards were unkept, but someone must

have cared some; many had small neatly built fences around the house. But they had deteriorated: the fences were dark, many had lost their gates. The remainder of the gates hanging cockeyed leaned on the old stone paths leading to the rotten brown coloured steps of the verandas. Some verandas had screens, but they had been neglected for some years now. The windows were dark, not only from the shadow of black protruding roofs.

If there was a store or a church among these first set of houses they were well disguised, yet this was just the entrance to the town. If these first houses were drab and slummy the following ones were worse. The highway served as a kitchen view for many and we could see the odd clothes line strung across the small deep grassed yards from dark timbers. We passed some brick stores, but they had also turned black. We never did see a church; maybe it was down one of the muddy lanes?

There was a half mile break between Natal and her twin. From a large hole in a ridge on the left a mining car rail came out. My uncle began explaining that this was not a ghost town, despite its looks, but still a much lived in coal mining town. Beyond the ridge and around the town was a large coal mining industry. A coal mining town deteriorates much more quickly than any other town because of the coal dust in the air. The town had been left uncared for over the past couple of years and now the black coal dust had found its way into everything; the town had taken on a degraded look.

The half mile was just a small break between two ugly spots. Michel was every bit as black as Natal. I was greatly depressed by Michel. It was dirty. Not just coal dust but litter, muddy ditches through the middle of town, and dilapidated houses. Actually in most respects it was much the same as the other. It was just my impression that was worse; having to go through a second town of this ugly blackness and being depressed by its surroundings. Then suddenly in the midst of this darkness I saw a glimpse of light. In front of the most black houses with a dark veranda declining forward from its original level near some half dead scrub bush sat a girl on some brown stairs. I saw just one glimpse of her: — a red blouse and yellow skirt which matched her golden hair, far out of place in these ugly shapes.

We drove on into the sunset. We passed through Crowsnest Pass. I can hardly remember it now, but I will always remember that day. I will forget some of the majestic mountains or the beautiful waterfalls. I probably will not remember many of happy moments on the glaciers or in the hot sulphur pools, but I will always remember Natal and Michel, and my glimpse of the girl on the stairs.

ANGUS CAMBELL  
FORM VI

## Today

It is this affluent age  
Is that man's undoing  
Nothing corrupts like success  
Rome proved that in 410.

When he struggles  
This beast is noble  
Like the wild animals  
He stands pure, happy.

He sets his sights and works  
Towards the aim.  
In hard toil and great sweat  
Happy in striving.

But soon he cannot work  
Jobless.  
He used to worry about leisure  
Once  
Now there is to much, the dole feeds him  
Useless  
Life without living, life without pleasure  
Hopeless.

Machines that send us to rendezvous with the stars  
Machines that make things far better than men  
Machines that think quicker than men by far  
Machines are killing the happy toil of men.

Oh where is the machine  
That gives the world happiness?

JOHN NANSON  
FORM VI

## Excerpts from a Comparison of *Fruits of the Earth* and *Over Prairie Trails*

In this essay I will endeavour to compare *Fruits of the Earth* with *Over Prairie Trails* in relation to the basic elements of fiction, and later, to show what the first book, *Over Prairie Trails*, sheds light on in the later novel *Fruits of the Earth*.

*Over Prairie Trails* was written by Frederic Phillip Grove in the fall of 1918 and the spring of 1919. *Fruits of the Earth* was written much later and was, in fact, the last of his prairie novels. It was first

published in 1933, eleven years after the publishing of *Over Prairie Trails*.

The two books are basically very different in that *Over Prairie Trails* is not a work of fiction, whereas *Fruits of the Earth* is. The first book is a collection of seven true accounts of trips made by Grove to see his family, while he was teaching thirty-four miles away in a different Manitoba town. The second book, the novel, is the tale of a farmer carving a life for himself and his family on the prairie at the turn of the century. This great difference in form sets the two books in very different categories. This must be realized before any contrast or comparison can seem to be comprehensive.

The main character in *Fruits of the Earth* is Abraham David Spalding, who in no way symbolizes Grove. *Over Prairie Trails* is autobiographical, leaving Grove as its main character. The two characters are very different, however. Abe Spalding represents primitive man or humanity as a whole, and Grove is not a fictional character. . . .

Both *Over Prairie Trails* and *Fruits of the Earth* are set on the Manitoba Prairie, and both take place in the early 1900's. *Fruits of the Earth* has two dominant moods, which are largely governed by the plot: the first is an atmosphere of rising success; the second, which prevails following Abe's favorite son, is one of steady decline. *Over Prairie Trails* has several moods, ranging from physical pain and difficulty, to wide-eyed wonder, to urgency. Each account has its own prevailing atmosphere. Apparent in both books, however, is the never-ending battle between the two main characters and the environments. Abe fought the land to earn a living; Grove fought the elements on his trips. . . .

*Over Prairie Trails* sheds a great deal of light on things employed and mentioned in *Fruits of the Earth*. Most important of all, it illuminates clearly, and in plain language, some of the symbolism in *Fruits of the Earth*.

This illumination is especially obvious with regard to the setting of *Fruits of the Earth*. In constructing the symbols for that novel, Grove needed a primeval setting for his strong farmer, Abe Spalding, who was to represent primitive man or mankind. He chose the Western Canadian prairie. The proof of the entire symbolism is given in *Over Prairie Trails*. On page fifteen of *Over Prairie Trails*, Grove numbers himself among the "few" who 'think this backwoods bushland (to be) God's own earth and second only to Paradise.' Grove states that he moved to the prairies because he wanted 'the simpler, the more elemental things, things cosmic in their associations, nearer to the beginning or end of creation.' What could be more clear? In recounting the fourth trip, Grove says that the snow, lying smoothly on the



land," gave it an inhuman, primeval look." . . .

Over Prairie Trails, and to a lesser extent, Fruits of the Earth, reveal much of Frederic Phillip Grove. Says Malcolm Ross:

"Here, too, is the portrait of a man; over those lonely trails Grove, always in search of himself, for once found himself." In Fruits of the Earth, Grove uses the omniscient author technique; therefore he can constantly insert opinions. Also, Grove may, at some points, be identified with Abe. Thus, both books tell much about their author.

Over Prairie Trails says a great deal about Grove's background, mostly from references the book makes. Also this: "I have lived in southern countries, and I have travelled rather far for a single lifetime. The Southern Cross is no strange sight to my eyes. I have slept in the desert close to my horse, and I have walked on Lebanon. I have cruised on the seven seas and seen the white marvels of the ancient cities." Grove was, to his account, a man of the world.

DOUG MacKAY  
FORM V UPPER

## *Excerpts from a Literary Comparison between Oliver Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer, The Deserted Village, and The Vicar of Wakefield*

Oliver Goldsmith was a writer who appealed to the mass of people because of his farcical comedy, his amusing anecdote and his heartwarming experiences. He wrote in a simple, straightforward style which few writers can duplicate. The Vicar of Wakefield, his major novel, She Stoops to Conquer, his major play, and The Deserted Village, his major poem, have many similarities with regard to form, content, style, and plot.

In The Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith uses beauty of imagery, tenderness of feeling, delicacy and refinement of thought, and a matchless purity of style. These statements are illustrated by the poor Dr. Primrose when he is gathering around him the wrecks of his shattered family and he is endeavouring to rally them back to happiness: "The next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter at my request joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in the place my poor Oliver first met her seducer and every object

served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it". . . . The Deserted Village is Goldsmith's nostalgic recollection of his boyhood days. These melancholy recollections were awakened by his brother's death. The Deserted Village embodies Oliver's recollection of his brother and it gives in an artless, but consummate way, romantically simple pictures of a happy rural community from which the peasants are emigrating because of the encroachments of the new industrial order. It also gives sweet pictures of the chief characters such as the pastor, the old man, and the school master. This poem has a sympathetic social outlook towards the poor peasants, Goldsmith's contrasts his brother's quiet life in the village with his restless, vagrant career:

"Remote from the town he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place."

She Stoops To Conquer is a full blooded farce comedy of an amusing incident. Unlike the domestic themes of the previous plays, She Stoops To Conquer was written to amuse the audience. This play attacks the humourless sentimentality of the previous plays with its ridiculous incidents, its sketchy characterization, its comic humour, its brisk action, and its naturally-spirited dialogue. The basic of the play is sound because many young men of this time became dashing cavaliers before women of a lower class. This play has simplicity of character, plot, and theme.

Goldsmith manipulates incidents well to keep the play moving quickly and realistically. He gives the characters fast-moving, interesting, and realistic dialogue: "The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time." Goldsmith builds the play up with a succession of incidents and he concludes the play by solving all the problems that arose from these incidents. . . . Each of these three pieces of writing has universal appeal. The universal appeal of The Deserted Village comes not from its ethical or political lesson, but from its sweet and tender flow of rhythm and its firm hold upon the ever-fresh common-places of human nature. The Deserted Village presents those qualities of sympathy and description which are truly Goldsmith's. The universal appeal of She Stoops To Conquer comes from its absolute success at being a comical, amusing, and thoroughly-entertaining comedy of real people, real situations, and real times. The secret of The Vicar of Wakefield's universal popularity comes from its truth to nature. . . These three pieces of Oliver Goldsmith's writing will remain forever as immortal pieces of literature because of their universal appeal and the outstanding way in which they are written.

PETER SHEEN  
FORM V UPPER

## *On Your Mark, Get Set, Go!*

The silence is broken by the sounding of a hundred feet as every runner bursts across the starting line.

The course is three miles in length. It cuts across ploughed fields, up and down steep fields, through streams, bogs and marshes and sometimes along old roads.

The mob of runners go into a sprint for about the first hundred yards. After this, the top runners fall into line, one behind the other with the lead man setting the pace. After the first mile there is a string of twenty runners spaced at unequal distances with a group of fifty away behind and the leader away ahead.

As the runners come to the first obstacle, a barbed wire fence, many runners drop out because of cuts and gashes caused by been pushed on to the sharp barbs of fence, or been trampled on. The race goes on for a half mile across a plowed field. The pace of the runners slows down considerably. The soft, loose earth is extremely difficult to move through. This is the real test and many of the runners drop out here. Those who cross the field find their feet, each five pounds heavier because of the mud caked on the bottom of their shoes.

Out on to a hard flat stretch of pasture for two hundred yards, then down a steep hill into a stream where many of the contestants finish the race, up the bank and along side it for a quarter of a mile more, back across the stream, up a slight ridge and over a fence on to an old trail.

The race is almost over. Many of the runners have torn shorts and shirts. They are covered in mud, some are bleeding from cuts received while crossing fences. Soaked from the waist up and dripping with perspiration, runners press onward, many of them going on sheer determination alone.

Their months of valuable training will pay off at last. Their hours of running, five miles a day, running through the parks, golf courses and along the river banks in their community. This is the time they can begin to appreciate their top physical condition.

Half a mile from the finish line the pace of the race picks up again. The leader knows the end is near. He has got to hold his place. Behind him he can hear the dull pounding of feet. He has got to keep calm: he has got to remember not to panic and go to fast. Such a move might cost him the race.

The last quarter mile is across another stream up on to a huge ridge, and three hundred yards across a flat stretch of ground to the finish line. As the runners come over the ridge, they break into a sprint for the finish line. This is it!

The winner rushes into the shoot, gasping and panting for air. He staggers over to the side lines to greet those whom he has beaten, with a hand shake. For the rest of the day most of the competitors will be able to

do little else, but they all feel that the excitement and challenge of cross-country running is worth it.

BOB DUNSTAN  
FORM IV UPPER

## *Religion - What it Means to Youth*

In the course of growing up, youth asks many questions and receives countless answers to them. It is a very confusing period of life because new ideas are constantly being introduced, and the old ones modified or discarded. This flux has reached its peak in the world of today. Every day, man increases his knowledge and tries to impart this to the younger generation. In this modern world with the emphasis on all things "new," how does something "as old as the hills" stand up?

Some form of religious ceremony has been with man as long as he has existed. It might have been the worship of the moon, the sun or the stars, the earth, animals, or even another man. Man had to put his faith in something and choose whatever suited him best. He usually worshipped things he could not understand such as lightning or fire and gave the credit of these unknown phenomena to some mysterious creature or God.

As time progressed, religion was adapted to take in explanation of everything around man. Life was just one big symbol. As before, religion was a vast source of information about the unknown and supernatural, but there were even more ideas about it. Instead of just governing the world around him, it was thought God could control man. This gave religion a new light. It offered the people security and freedom from their worries and desires. All was taken care of. If you put your faith in this God you would live a good life after death.

In different areas of the globe, the great God was called by various names and worshipped in various ways. Each society worshipped the way they thought best, be it blood-sacrifice or prayer. Out of different and varied means of religions, other branches grew and matured and either lived or died out.

In today's world, youth is more demanding than it has ever been before, and it desires to know more about the subject into which it is putting its faith. Nowadays, in the highly commercialized world, it is common knowledge that you do not put your faith into something you do not and cannot understand. A lot of questions youth asks cannot be answered. Even the most learned theologians do not have all the answers. Yet while few advances are made in this field of theology, science has made great steps in the gain-



ing of knowledge and youth turns towards it for the answers, with the result that the tremendous work of the Gospel is sometimes undermined.

In the past century, science has gained so much knowledge that there is practically nothing a man can not learn about if he wants to. We know that someday in the far future, the earth and our solar system will be destroyed. We know how to and almost have created life synthetically. We have crossed the limits of our globe and have even journeyed into space. It is not surprising that many of the age-old philosophies have been proven wrong. The conception about man's soul has been shaken a little by very recent discoveries. It was thought at one time that a soul was what governed a man's character and habits. Today, this can be done electrically. In recent tests on living patients, a raving maniac was transformed into a docile, kind being, by a small electric current. With discoveries like these what can we expect?

Religion is getting to play a smaller and smaller part in our everyday lives. How much does it mean for us? Do you go to Church enthusiastically every Sunday? With all the knowledge man has at his summons today, he has little need for religion. It would be a cold heartless world however, that is concerned only with sure facts. In this respect, religion is a great boon to the community, but it must be modified or taught differently to entice youth.

JIM LAWSON  
FORM IV

## *The Lake on a July Evening*

The day had been hot but now as evening came it began to cool off. The sun was sinking slowly beyond the horizon and was displacing bright colours of light on the lake and in the distance one could see the odd lake trout splashing upon the water producing the ripples on the lake.

The odd boat could be seen pulling into the dock after fishing or merely cruising around the lake. The trees were being clothed in a huge cloak of velvety darkness and the darkness overpowered the sunset, the first twinkling stars could be seen. Across the bay the odd porchlight from a cabin would shine gently on the lake, and one could hear people talking across the bay because it was so quiet. The nocturnal creatures had begun to go on their nightly prowls as I went in to slip on a light jacket. The moon was large this night and appeared as a God watching over his wonderful creation. The lake gently reflected the light from the moon and the stars and was like a large mirror. The trees by the edge of the lake seemed to

droop over and cast their mysterious shadows upon it. The only sounds that were heard were the howls of the odd wolf and the hooting of the owls.

The wind had begun to pick up as I went into my cabin and small waves were beginning to appear on this small but beautiful lake. The trees were beginning to shake against each other and the clouds started appearing. It was not long before it began to rain and the only thing that spoiled this vacation at the lake was the thought of having to go back to the rushing city life.

BRIAN HARTWIG  
FORM III

## *The Decay of Man*

Darkness is descending o'er the earth!  
The foolishness and roughness of mens mirth  
And the quarrelling and greediness of men  
Is surely a sign of evil  
Is surely a sign of evil.

What! has God his image, not got power?  
To destroy all mens love for hate  
For, is he above all men a tower?  
Or is the world ruled by fate?  
Or is the world ruled by fate?

The earth has long been civilized,  
But yet do men not realize  
The hate, strife, and war among us  
That will eat and devour of us  
That will eat and devour of us.

God is the supposed ruler of all  
But to me he seems so small,  
For if of man he is the creator  
He has also withheld mankind the hater  
He has also withheld mankind the hater.

For if man is like a fold of sheep  
He seemingly does not want to sleep  
Intermidst the wonderful hate and war  
For he is the lover of blood and gore  
For he is the lover of blood and gore.

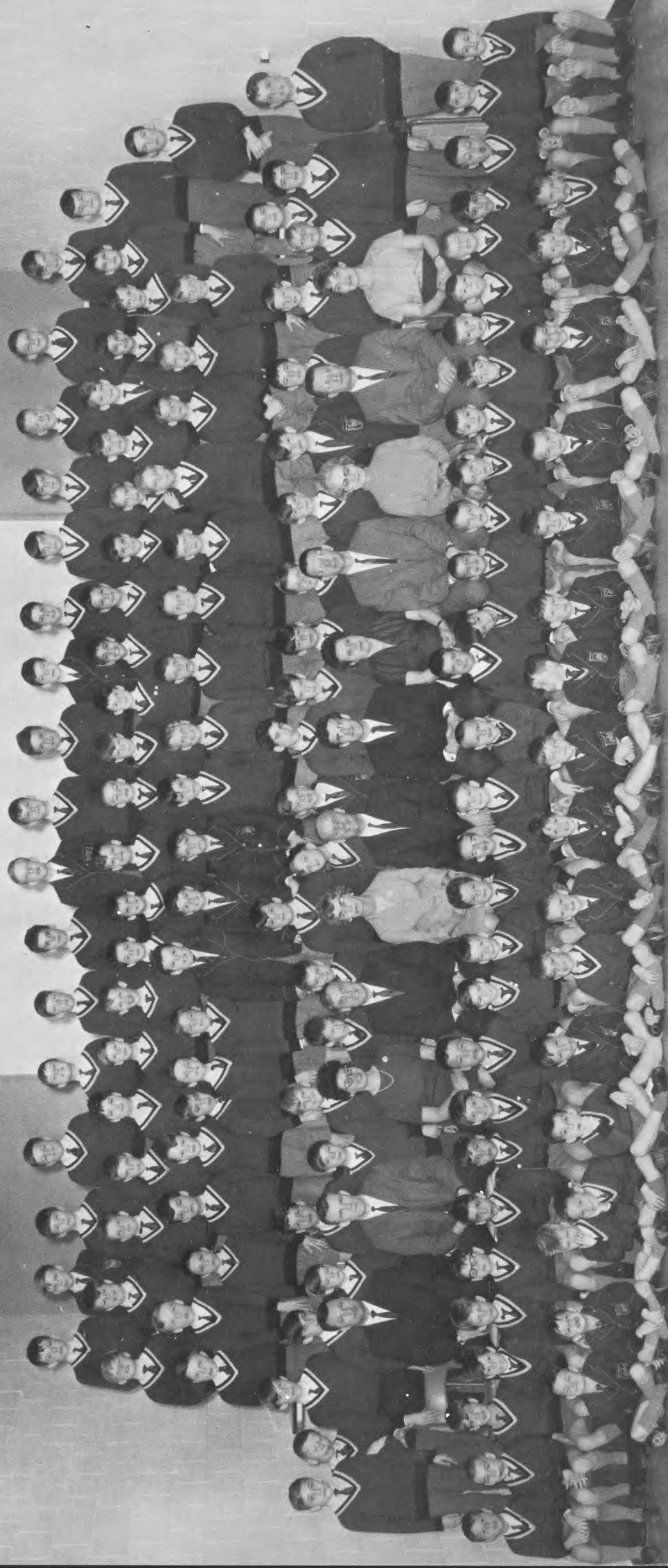
But many do say of their belief in God  
Though few do think he is a fraud  
But I think in my own head  
That God has long been dead  
That God has long been dead.

JOHN LAWRENCE  
FORM II UPPER

# LOWER SCHOOL







*The Lower School*

# Headmasters Foreword

The tumult and the shouting died, the Phoenix arose in all its splendor, and that intrepid band of young men who comprise the Lower School trooped into the beautiful new building which was to be their modern house of learning.

It is a fine building, a convenient building, a spacious building, a well-planned building, a thoroughly utterly likeable building — the Lower School's pride and joy. Gone are the pile drivers, gone the jack drills, gone the wild dashes to the gym through the frigid winter, and gone the challenge of physical hardship. From September onwards we have gazed in comfortable contemplation at our new surroundings and carried on the day to day routine of school with wondrous ease.

But 'as flies to wanton boys are we to the Gods' and they have grown jealous of our pride and our complacency. They have grown angry and assailed us repeatedly. Their first attack was arrogantly straightforward — a series of — 40° temperatures creating new records even for Winnipeg. Their second was more insidious — an indiscriminate sowing of influenza seeds. Their third was vitriolic — a snowstorm of unparalleled fury: and all these were withstood manfully, and in the last case even gleefully by the day-boys who were unable to attend classes. And now with pure malevolence they are launching an ever more sinister assault; for they have inveigled the old man of the Red River to rise; and rise he has done; inch by inch and foot by foot up the sloping shores of the school: a surly, lurking, watchful, cold-hearted creature who cares little for mere entreaty, but who is to be met with a wall of mud and a massive wall of sandbags filled by the school at the rate of 9000 bags per day to deter his envious attempt to inundate our fine new building.

Whatever befalls, the Eagle will be printed and you will be reading this in retrospect and inevitably one thing or another will or will not have happened. The water will have swept the dykes or it will have been fought back or the water will have slunk away unimpressively: but whatever the case those who rose to the occasion and laboured to fight the threat of a flood will have the lasting and memorable satisfaction of knowing that they did all they could to help.

## Form VII



BACK ROW: Malcolmson, MacMurray, Barnes, Edwards, Webster, Menzies, Beech, Kiddell.  
CENTRE ROW: Hammond, Gallagher, Mr. Beare, Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Shepherd, Heffelfinger, Stein.  
FRONT ROW: Boulton, Saunders, Newman, Briggs, Morris, Boyd.  
MISSING: Henderson.



# Lower School Officials



LOWER SCHOOL MONITORS

BACK ROW: Malcolmson, Menzies, Morris, Heffelfinger, MacMurray, Edwards, Mr. Kiddell, Henderson, Beech, Webster, Barnes, Saunders.

FRONT ROW: Boyd, Stein, Boulton, Gallagher, Newman, Briggs, Richardson, Hammond, Kiddell.

## Headboys Report

The same clubs this year have operated and have been running smoothly, as most parents witnessed on parents' day. The playground hockey teams have won at least three games which is a big improvement on previous years. The choir has been re-formed and now includes boys from the upper school.

The new wing has been built and is a marvellous asset to the school. The classrooms are larger and there are new additions such as a large playroom, a music room, an audio-visual room and a plant-room. The spacious locker room and art room have also been great assets. Young and Hamber Houses have been dominating this year in sports, except for the cross-country where New House led the field. Four lower school boys have joined the upper school junior basketball team and three of these are going on a tour to compete against other teams in Western Canada.

Boarding has been excellent this year and there are nineteen permanent boarders although some temporary boarders have come and gone frequently. Our Mexican friend, Victor Cires, left at Christmas to return to his own country and we missed his cheerful countenance.

Before we know it, the end of the year will be upon us, because it has been such a pleasure working in the new wing.

— MARK HENDERSON  
HEAD BOY

*Mark Henderson*





*Mrs. Barrett*

Mrs. Barrett, who teaches the grade two class, graduated from the University of Manitoba where she received a B.A. and an A.M.M. This is Mrs. Barrett's first year of teaching. Her interest in music takes up much of her time. She accompanies both the Upper School and Lower School boys. Travel and skating are also enjoyed by Mrs. Barrett. Good luck at S.J.R. Mrs. Barrett.

## *New Staff*

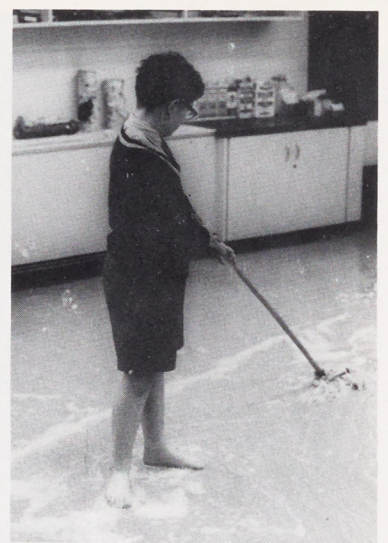
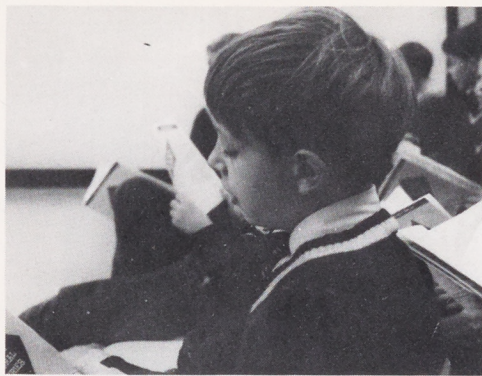
*Mr. MacKenzie*

Mr. MacKenzie hails from Toronto and holds a B.P.E. Degree from the University of British Columbia. For the last two years, Mr. MacKenzie has played on Canada's National Hockey Team. He has travelled extensively with the "Nats" and was in the 1964 Olympics in Innsbruck. Mr. MacKenzie, who enjoys all sports, teaches P.T. to most of Lower School, science to forms 4, 5, and 6 lower, and coaches the Playground B Hockey Team.

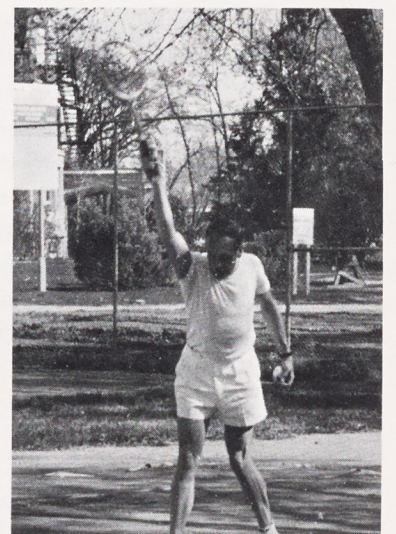
*B MacKenzie*







*The  
Lower School*





# House Reports

## Hamber House



Hamber House has come through with another fairly successful year. Both Seniors and Juniors have done extremely well in Basketball, Hockey and Soccer. We anticipate a good year in Track and Field. We have done well in our honours, but not well enough to take the prize.

On behalf of all the members of Hamber House, may I thank Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Perrault for helping us through the year.

— GERALD MORRIS.  
HOUSE CAPTAIN.

## New House



This year has been a boom year for New House in many aspects. Cross-Country running has always been our stronghold and I hope it will continue to be so for many years. In the other sports, whilst we have not been the victors, I was very pleased to see the house struggling valiantly under the fine leadership of our Sports' Captain, Tim Gallagher.

We are now beginning to see more honours in the diaries, and fewer stripes.

I would like to thank Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Nagy, and Mr. Shepherd for their help in making a better house.

— RODNEY BRIGGS.  
HOUSE CAPTAIN.

## Richardson House



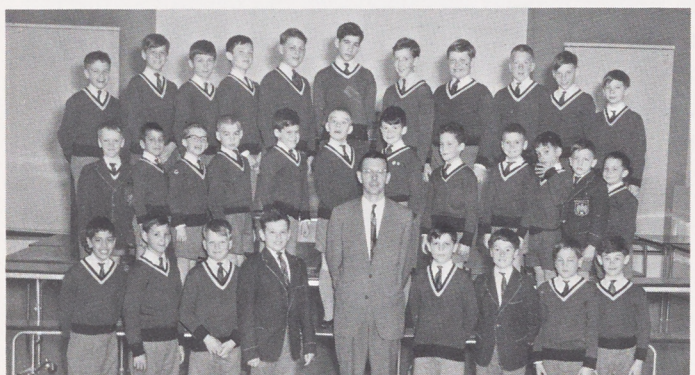
So far this year Richardson has done quite well. We have won quite a few honour prizes, but have not yet come first in any sport.

Richardson House Seniors have done well in sports and are around second or third place. We did well in Soccer and Volleyball, but are being outskated in Hockey. The Juniors have had difficulties this year but are still struggling through sports. In the next term we hope to win more honour prizes and do well in Track and Field.

On behalf of the boys of Richardson House I would like to thank Mr. MacKenzie and Mrs. Murray for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

— JOHN BEECH.  
HOUSE CAPTAIN.

## Young House



Young House has been doing very well in sports this year. We have won the Soccer cup in both Seniors and Juniors. The Seniors are in the finals for Basketball and the Juniors are in the finals for Hockey. It has been a very prosperous year but we were sorry to lose Mrs. Watson who left the school at Christmas after a car accident. In her palce we welcome an old teacher of the school, Mrs. MacNamara.

I would like to thank Mr. Beare, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. MacNamara for their help this year.

*A. Kiddell*  
*"Killer"*

— ALAN KIDDELL.  
HOUSE CAPTAIN.



# Rock and Mineral Club



BACK ROW: LaBella, Kiddell, Turchen, Weare, Waddell, Beech.

FRONT ROW: Wood, Grymonpre, Flintoft, Bredin, Newman.

Last year, when Mr. Gill left, we decided to run the club alone. Mark Henderson, Alan Kiddell and myself are in charge. Meeting every Tuesday in the old art room, we have now much more space to work than we had in the old biology lab. Two film strips have been shown and another is on order. The tumbler is going and the diamond saw is used frequently. We hope to start mounting in the very near future. Two of the club's members are hoping to enter a project in the science fair.

— George Newman

## The Emperor That Could Not Sleep

On Father and Son Weekend, nine boys of the lower school put on the above play to christen the new stage in the library. We were lucky to have a full house at this first performance. One of the cast, Patrick Truelove, got out of a sick bed to play his part and had to be followed around by a person carrying a cloth, in case of accident. We greatly enjoyed performing the play and wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Dickson and Mrs. Ferguson for loaning costumes, Mrs. Heffelfinger and Mr. Hammond for doing the make-up and to Mr. Shepherd who directed the play.

— Rodney Briggs



Hammond, Heffelfinger, Kiddell, Briggs.

## Lower School Canoe Trip

On Saturday morning, May 22nd, 1965, four boys and two staff left Winnipeg for a two-day canoe trip to the Lake of the Woods. We travelled by car to Pye's Landing at Kenora, and then transferred to the three canoes for the eight mile trip to Victoria Island. As soon as we arrived at the camp-site, we executed the task of clearing the numerous shrubs and bushes. It was nearly dusk by the time camp was set up, and after a tasty meal we retired to a fairly restless sleep. We were disturbed by rain and the odd leak in the tent.

After breakfast the next morning, we decided to paddle to an old gold mine about eight miles away, finding the odd trace of its former prosperity. That evening we had a meal on Mr. Kiddell's island and on the following morning returned once more by car to Winnipeg.

— David Edwards

— Simon Clews



BACK ROW: Hammond, Menzies, MacMurray, Mr. Stewart, Edwards, Barnes, Kiddell.

CENTRE ROW: Briggs, Morris, Boyd, Henderson, Richardson, Boulton.

FRONT ROW: Saunders, Gallagher, Malcolmson.

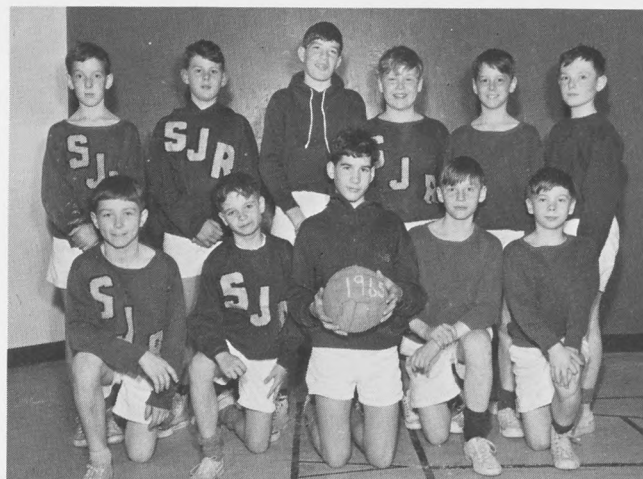
## School Soccer

The Junior School team only won one out of three games this year. They had stiff competition, but never gave up and were always good sportsmen. The goalie, Tim Gallagher, didn't have much protection, but stopped them whenever he could. They won the match against Joseph Welinsky by a score of 3-1.

## Senior House Soccer

Young House made a great recovery from last year and placed first in the league with eleven total points. Hamber placed second with four wins to their credit. Richardson tried hard but placed third. They were a little afraid at the start, and never realized what they could do until the end. New House were left in the dust and only managed to score one point.

Young House won the cup over Hamber after overtime, and New beat Richardson for the consolation prize; again after extra time.



BACK ROW: Kiddell, Shore, Henderson, Boulton, Tucker, Milne.

FRONT ROW: Johnson, Wallace, MacMurray, Gosko, McGee.



BACK ROW: Hogg, Finkel, McKelvie, Alvi, Waugh.

FRONT ROW: Ramsay, Haworth, Bowden, Christie, Flintoft.

## Junior House Soccer

Hamber House pulled ahead to win the cup with Young hot on their tails. Hamber House were real fighters with people like Ramsey and Quinton. They won six games with a total of thirteen points; Young won five games with a total of eleven points; New House were third with a total of six points. Richardson only won one game but they still kept on battling. New House were the consolation winners.





BACK ROW: Tucker, Shore, MacMurray, Johnson, McGee.  
FRONT ROW: Wallace, Milne, Boulton, Gosko, Kiddell.

## Senior House Hockey

Although unfinished, the senior house hockey standings show that, so far, the teams are evenly matched, with Henderson, McMurray and Saunders dominating the play. The four teams have improved rapidly over the season, and in most of the games one goal has been the deciding factor. The semi-finals and finals should be played in the near future and the house standings to date are as follows:

Hamber	9
Young	9
New	5
Richardson	1

## Junior House Hockey

Hamber House, led by Quinton and Waddell, are, so far, in the lead over Young in the inter-house competition. The outstanding players in the other houses were Hutchinson and D. Ferguson for Richardson, Flintoft and Waugh for Young, and Bond for New House. At the time of writing, the semi-finals and finals had still to be played but the points to date are as follows:

Hamber	11
Young	8
New	4
Richardson	1



BACK ROW: Waddell, Bowes, Cruickshank, MacElmoyle, Quinton.  
FRONT ROW: Edwards, Ramsay, Parker, Guest.



## Playground B Hockey

Playground B Hockey has not been at its best this year. The team rarely started playing well until half way through the game. We have won two games because we skated hard throughout the whole game. The team would like to thank Mr. Mackenzie, who did a good job of coaching and also Mr. Stewart for his help.

BACK ROW: Beaton, Richardson, Morris, Malcolmson, Mr. MacKenzie, Edwards, Riley, Kiddell, Johnson.  
FRONT ROW: Beech, Gallagher, Hammond, Boulton, Briggs, Milne, Gosko.

## Playground C "Eagles"

Led by a strong defensive squad, the Eagles this year did very well, only to be stopped by a stronger Roblin Park team. This is more commendable, since it is a brand new team except for the two veterans, John Saunders and Iven McMorris.

On behalf of all the boys, I would like to thank Mr. Beare for doing such a fine job of coaching. I would also like to thank all the parents for coming out and freezing their feet just to watch us play, not forgetting Harold for making such excellent hot chocolate.

League.

SJR vs. Varsity View . . . . . 5-1 and 4-0  
SJR vs. Westridge . . . . . 2-2 and 6-1  
SJR vs. Victoria . . . . . 3-1 and 6-3  
SJR vs. Roblin Park . . . . . 2-9 and 0-10  
SJR vs. Tuxedo . . . . . 2-1 and 2-2

KNOCKOUT

SJR vs. Roblin Park . . . . . 4-7



BACK ROW: Paterson, Bowes, Tucker, Richardson, Mr. Beare, Shore, Searle, Dickson, Dickson, MacElmoyle.  
FRONT ROW: Longstaffe, Harrison, Wallace, Saunders, Williams, MacMorris, Ferguson, Waddell, Weare.

## Playground C "Ravens"

The Ravens did not win one game, but throughout the season they improved immensely. No one was really disappointed because the team spirit was high in spite of the losses. After finding everybody's ability, it was decided that passing was going to be the main source of moving the puck. Quinton supplied most of our goals, with strong support from Bond and Waddell. The passing in the later games of the season received many rushes.

The Ravens had one great weakness, their back-checking and left most of this to their defence. The team has two goal-keepers and Haworth played more because Gallagher injured his leg during the holidays. The best stick handler and shooter on the team is Waugh.



BACK ROW: Flintoft, Christie, Waddell, Mr. Stewart, Bond, Ramsay, Waugh, Ramsay.  
FRONT ROW: Kiddell, Beech, Parker, Haworth, Gallagher, Ferguson, Hutchison, Quinton.



# Cross - Country

Cross-Country was a great success this year, not only in house competition, but also in open competition.

The school team ran in two races this year, one at home and the other at St. Vital Park. We placed fourth at St. Vital Park behind Varennes, Borbury, and Glenwood. At home we placed sixth out of eight teams.

In house competition, the races this year have been very exciting as the competition has been very keen. The standings so far are:

NEW	14 points
HAMBER	11 points
YOUNG	7 points
RICHARDSON	4 points



BACK ROW: Boyd, Kreuger, Edwards, Mr. Stewart, Riley, Milne.

CENTRE ROW: Ferguson, Clews, Briggs, Longstaffe, Beaton, Wallace.

FRONT ROW: Boews, Bond, Williamson, Harrison.

# Senior and Junior Volleyball

This year saw the introduction of volleyball as an inter-house sport. It proved to be lively and exciting. All the houses competed keenly and the games were very close. Hamber House proved to be the champions, winning all their games, whilst Richardson came a close second. In the Juniors, Young and New tied for first place.



BACK ROW: Stein, Morris, Dickson, Riley, Boyd, Menzies.  
FRONT ROW: McMorris, Beaton, Ferguson, Weare, Hammond.



BACK ROW: Parker, Waddell, Cruickshank, MacElmoyle, Quinton.

FRONT ROW: Edwards, Ramsay, Guest, Bowes.

## SENIOR STANDINGS

HAMBER	6
RICHARDSON	4
YOUNG	2
NEW	0

## JUNIOR STANDINGS

YOUNG	4
NEW	4
RICHARDSON	2
HAMBER	2

## DREAMLAND

As I lie in bed each night,  
I dream of knights all dressed in white.  
The fort is won, the victors raised.  
It is the knight who wins the praise.  
His shining armour, dirty grey  
Will see him through another day.

On other nights I dream of days  
When Vikings' ships come through the haze.  
The Vikings land. The Saxons fight.  
The Vikings win by strength and might.  
Another village is lost they say  
The Vikings will soon be here to stay.

I sometimes dream of sailing on  
An old time ship in days far gone.  
"A pirate ship," the crew all shout  
"Anchors up and all sails out."  
The pirate ship's soon out of sight.  
We rejoice and sing with faces bright.

I oft times picture being on  
An old time plane in days far gone  
With flimsy wings and small motor  
My little plane goes off to war.  
These nights I need not hero be  
For I will sleep, to dream, as thee.

JOHN BEECH — GRADE 7EW.

## THE SNOW

Here I sit, looking out at the snow,  
Florida is the place I want to go.  
I'd swim in the sea and play under the sun  
Until the perfect day was done.  
But here I'm stuck at forty below,  
Wondering how to get away from the snow.

Snow and ice, that's all I see.  
'Twould fill an Eskimos eyes with glee.  
Florida is still the place I'd rather be.  
Florida is all green, Winnipeg white  
It looks as if we were hit by a blight.  
But here I sit at fifty below  
Wondering how to get away from the snow.

This is all I can write about snow,  
Because I'm freezing. It's sixty below!

JOHN SAUNDERS — GRADE 7EW.

## THE ESCAPE

As the dreadful giddiness left me, I began to sweat, although it was cool. It seemed like hours before I could move. Finally I looked up and saw Elzevir waiting patiently so I asked him to let me up, telling him that I was well enough to go on. Once more we crawled along the narrow path, but my leg did not pain me; it just felt numb.

There were now only fifteen feet to go before we reached the last turn and freedom, so with renewed vigour I pushed on behind Elzevir. It was getting dark and we hurried because we didn't want to try going around that final bend in darkness. Suddenly it was dark and night had fallen, but we were close enough to the turn to see that it was the narrowest ledge yet. I couldn't see a thing now, and there was an uncanny air of silence about. Then Elzevir's voice broke it. "John, my lad, there's a storm brewing, and if we don't make our move now, we never will." I saw what he meant about the storm, for in the near distance thunder began to roll, lightning flashed, and a light rain began to fall, accompanied by a brisk breeze.

My heart started to pound fiercely for I knew it was do or die. Again Elzevir spoke, "Hug the cliff wall as closely as possible until I tell you it's all right and that we're safe."

Then we started and made our way at a snail's pace. Now the wind was howling and the rain coming down in torrents, and consequently I couldn't see Elzevir, so I called him, but there was no answer. Then a dreadful fear seized me. Had he fallen or had he made it? If he had fallen I would too, for he was the better at climbing. I pushed on and for an instant a flash of lightning illuminated the scene. I was only ten feet from the top. And Elzevir was there on his knee with his arm outstretched towards me.

The storm raged fiercely now, but I was overjoyed and scrambled quickly towards the top. It was then that something gave way underneath me and in one dreadful instant I realized what was happening. The cliff was giving way. I grabbed at Elzevir's extended arm and clasped it desperately.

The whole of the cliff gave way and I was dangling on the edge of eternity. All the time the storm raged fiercely. Elzevir's giant strength was slowly pulling me up, but my hand was slowly slipping from his grasp. Elzevir perceived the danger, and, with a superhuman effort, yanked me up to the top, with such force that it toppled us both.

We were wet, and we were cold. But we were safe.

MICHEAL MENZIES  
— GRADE 7EW



## THE FIGHT

The arena was filled with a thick, heavy smoke that made you want to cough. The fighters had not yet put in an appearance, and the officials were going through the formalities of welcoming the audience.

Suddenly a roar filled the hot dusty air as the fighters entered the ring. After being introduced, they went to their respective corners and silence prevailed. The trainers were giving last minute instructions while the only noise was the cry of a boy going up and down the aisles selling refreshments.

The bell sounded; the fight was under way. The champion was a sturdy type about six feet tall, while the challenger was a good three inches smaller and many pounds lighter. The first three rounds were gruelling tests of the endurance and neither fighter gave way. People began thinking it would go the whole ten rounds.

The fourth, however, was different. In no time the champ had found the challenger's weakness, had drawn blood from his opponent's mouth and nose, and had opened up a gash over his left eye so that he could hardly see. The challenger wildly cut through the smoke in the air, hoping one would land, but the champ easily eluded his weak attempts and repeatedly fired crushing blows, working on the gash over the challenger's eye. With twenty-two seconds left in the fourth round, the challenger slowly slumped to the ground after an excessive beating at the hands of the champ. However, he struggled to his feet and lasted the round.

The fifth, sixth and seventh rounds were pitiful. The champ knocked the challenger down at will and by the eighth round the challenger's face was a sea of blood, cuts and sweat. Between the fifth and sixth rounds, they put tape over his left eye, to keep the eyelid closed and to prevent blood from pouring in.

Then came the eighth round. Even his manager had given up hope for the challenger. His eyes were blurred with sweat and blood, and they stung which tortured him unmercifully. Still he went on, practically standing still, and being pounded with an unjust barrage of punches to the head. People started urging him on, praying that somehow he could fight back. Some others yelled to the referee to stop the fight. Again he slumped to the ropes and limply fell to the canvas, but once more he struggled to his feet and hung on for another round.

Then it happened. I wondered how he kept going. In the ninth round the champ strolled up to him ready to beat him, when the challenger lashed out with a terrific right to the head. The champ was caught completely by surprise and was stunned for a moment. A large roar went through the crowd. Again the challenger lashed out with another blow to the head. Blood poured out of the champ's nose and mouth. He staggered against the ropes. Another blow lashed into the mid-section and he was down on the canvas completely stunned. You couldn't hear the referee's count above the uproar and confusion, and the crowd pounding its

feet. Six, seven, eight went the count. He was up again. The crowd quietened down when the champ let loose another ferocious attack. Suddenly the bell sounded and the crowd stood up to cheer on the challenger.

Finally the tenth round. The fighters met in the centre. Crushing blows landed again and again until finally the challenger spotted a hole and plunged with his fist. Another blow, the taller opponent wavered, caught another blow on the chin and that was it. He immediately fell to the canvas. The crowd roared while the count went to ten. The champ remained still. The referee threw the new champ's arm up in the air. He almost collapsed from exhaustion. The crowd went hysterical. Some made it to the ring as the fighters went to their dressing rooms. I could breathe a little easier after I left. That was the greatest fight I had ever seen.

JOHN BARNES  
— GRADE 7EW

## A CRIPPLED AIRCRAFT

One afternoon I was resting in the luxury of a T.C.A. plane from Winnipeg to Prestwick. Suddenly there was a bang, someone screamed and everyone started running hither and thither trying in vain to find parachutes and the like. Stewardesses were going about trying to calm everybody, but all control was lost. The plane lurched and swayed, and I hoped it was just a nightmare. Then somehow, somebody got out the words: "Fire in the cockpit!"

This sent a chill running down my back. I was not only sick with the movement of the craft, but also with fear, for a mighty tongue ripped out of the cockpit. The plane plummeted vertiginously down. "This is the end," I thought, and began regretting all the bad things I had ever done.

However, I then remembered that I was high in the air. I tore the life-jacket from under the seat. Finding the automatic pump out of order, I filled it from the air tank in the empty seat beside me. After doing this, I proceeded to get out my own supply, and clapped it to my nose and mouth. This was just in time, for at the moment, a great gash appeared in the side of the craft and I was sucked out before I fully understood the situation, but, as I hurtled down, I could not think of anything but the bottom of my fall.

Suddenly I felt the mixture of a cold pang and a stinging pain. I floundered about until I was numbed, for I had fallen into the sea. I took one look at the fiery plane and turned away. Very luckily a ship had spotted the aircraft and had come to pick up survivors. When on board I was horrified to see that five others and I were the only ones saved. Afterwards, whenever I was in danger, I thought of that afternoon.

PATRICK TRUELOVE  
— GRADE REMOVE

## THE FIRE

Once on a tranquil summer day,  
As I sat 'neath a tree watching squirrels at play,  
An unseen enemy struck my nose.  
I heard a crackling — then I froze.  
Fire!

In an instant all was ablaze.  
The woods were filled with a smokey haze  
And, as I dodged between the crashing trees,  
I noticed a hive of terrorized Bees,  
Flying out of the flames. —  
Forever!

The bigger and stronger animals followed,  
But those who were weak were already swallowed,  
By the all-consuming fire,  
And little by little, bit by bit, a crash  
And all was lifeless —  
With no desire!

All that remains are burnt cinders of wood,  
A dry creek here, a dead branch there,  
And if the animals had later returned,  
They'd have found no trace of living —  
As all was burned!

JIM SHORE  
— GRADE 6

## THE SECRET TUNNEL

While hiking through the woods one day, we discovered a tunnel hidden by a clump of bushes. We all agreed that we should explore it. As we went through the tunnel, its dampness and frigid air seemed to chill our entire bodies. The tunnel was very narrow and its roof was low in places. The tunnel must have been nearly a mile and a half long with frequent turns. It was very rocky for I cut my knee three or four times.

Suddenly the tunnel came to an abrupt end. We tried in vain to get through the barrier of rocks and were just about to give up when Jack dislodged a key stone and the rocks came tumbling down. Beyond the tunnel lay an immense cavern.

We heard a man just around the corner from us saying: "Joe, what are you going to use the money for when we get it from the boss?"

"Well, I think I'll buy a brand new car with a radio

and a television set in it, replied Joe.

Before we had realized it we had rounded the corner and we were taken prisoner and locked in a small adjacent cave which had been changed into a room. Since the men had tied us up they did not bother to lock the door. In the room we saw stacks of counterfeit bills. Michael managed to free himself from his bonds. He then swiftly untied our ropes.

We slipped past the sentry whom the criminals had posted. In about half an hour we arrived at the entrance to the tunnel. It took us another hour to reach the police station. The sergeant said that he would send several men with us to the entrance of the tunnel. He warned us that if we were wrong we would be in serious trouble.

We then drove to the entrance of the tunnel, but the policeman said that we could not enter because there might be shooting. The policeman told us afterwards that they had easily taken the criminals by surprise and they had made no effort to escape.

The next day a parcel arrived at Mike's house. Mike phoned and told us to come over. The parcel turned out to be a miniature crime detection set.

STUART GUEST  
— GRADE 5

## A SUMMER MORNING

'Tis a wonderful thing  
To be up with the sun,  
When the dew is still hanging  
On grasses. What fun!

The beautiful birds  
Fly up to the sky  
While the squirrel sits, wondering  
Why he cannot fly.

The brook ripples by  
With a wonderful sound  
As my dog jumps across  
With a leap and a bound.

Why not try it just once  
When the sun is just up?  
To get out of bed  
With your comrade, the pup.

STEPHAN KRUEGAR  
— GRADE 6



## A DAY IN THE TROPICS

The rising sun cast long grey shadows on the jungle. Gradually the sun rose over the horizon, the shadows diminished and the jungle prepared for the day. The night made its last effort to keep the day out, but the light burst through. The sun now cast its radiant rays on the broad leafed plants, bathing them with energy and life. The silence of the morning had now ceased. The day had begun.

The wildlife stirred and rustled about the trees; something jumped and in a flash again disappeared. The chattering of the monkeys filled the jungle with noise. Suddenly I saw a glimpse of colour, and realized, when it had disappeared, that it had been a bird. Mother nature demonstrated her overwhelming power for beauty and grace. It was obvious who was ruling here.

Within the hour the storm ceased, and the afternoon sun shone brightly on the jungle. Slowly the sun sank into the west. Again the darkness challenged the light and this time emerged the victor. Once more it was night.

MICHAEL HAMMOND  
— GRADE 7 EW

## THE DISCOVERY OF SPANISH GOLD

The story lived,  
In the village square,  
That a cargo of gold,  
Had sunk somewhere.

From early youth,  
A boy had thought,  
That he might find  
The very spot.

With logs and rope  
He built a raft,  
And started his search  
For the sunken craft.

Among the islands  
With steady hands  
He sailed his raft  
To a beach of sand.

There in the shadows  
Still bright and gleaming  
He saw the old treasure  
And thought he was dreaming.

But the gold was real,  
So he loaded his raft  
And while he sailed for home  
He laughed and laughed.

ROYDEN RICHARDSON  
— GRADE REMOVED

## OUR TOWN

Our town is a forgotten hamlet Grand Junction. The name is completely misleading as it is neither grand or a junction, except for two dried up creeks. These creeks flow only in spring and at this time it seems to enjoy leaping out of its bed to soak the livestock and disgruntled farmer, and to drown the newly planted crops. Just to sum up, Grand Junction is a town in the middle of nowhere.

The people of this town are notorious for their inability to work. It must be hereditary for every child seems to inherit the lazy habits of his parents.

There is Alfred, the barber, an insipid individual, tasteless and dull. There's Mike the keeper of the general store who, when not working, hasn't the faintest idea of how to behave. There's Ray, the sheriff, who is concise as he can possibly be, and this sets an aura of humour about him. I remember that one time Ray arrested a man, who was later revealed as the mayor of the big city ten miles away, for parking overtime on a parking meter. The ghastly look on his face as he fainted was the most comical spectacle I have ever had the pleasure of seeing.

There is Miss Jones, an elderly spinster, who is as noisy as a blue jay in mating season. Then there is Mrs. Gilford; as genteel as anyone could possibly be.

The people are usually observed staggering down the street with the most comical gait, quite like a horse with a broken leg, and they hang out by the barber's shop in a fashion that leaves much to be desired. The men are seen in faded blue jeans and plain cotton shirts, often unshaven and dirty, smelling of tobacco, fresh earth, vegetables and tractor oil. The women are seen also in blue jeans and extremely masculine blouses although they are frequently scented with cheap perfumes applied lavishly to cover up the less dignified scents after a hard day in the fields or in the kitchen. The children are their parent's pride and joy and follow their parents wherever they go.

The town is not prosperous, mainly through the fact that most of the people lose what little drive they have towards the age of twenty-one. However the natives of the town seem content to carry on in their own lazy way, barely able to live off the dry soil that surrounds the town.

MARK MILNE  
— GRADE REMOVE

## JIM ZIMBITT – A TRAMP

Jim Zimbitt had long hair – very annoying hair, which fell right down to his chest. When he brushed it, the first movements his head made it fall over his face. His hair was brown and bushy. He also wore a top hat which was so big that when he put it on his head, it slipped right down to his nose, where it stopped.

He had an enormous amount of freckles; in fact it looked as though he was wearing a mask. Jim had very dreamy eyes, for if you came near him, he just might mistake you for a bear. He was very clumsy in everything, could hardly walk, and everything he picked up he dropped. Jim could only go about a yard in two minutes.

Jim was dressed in rags and tatters. He had enormous boots which came off on their own free will which made him quite annoyed. He carried a stick to which was tied a handkerchief. His age is twenty but he looks about sixty because he is hunch-backed.

Jim Zimbitt escaped his old home, where he was badly treated, at the age of nine. He doesn't even know what a dime looks like, for he has not seen one for eleven years, and if you ask him, he will describe a nickle. He cannot even count and is very stubborn. He will not allow anyone to tell him that he is wrong, for he always says, "I'm the right one. You all are wrong."

PETER HAWORTH  
– GRADE 5

## THE TALKING BRIEFCASE

My old briefcase was getting too small for all my books in grade 4, so when I woke up on Christmas morning, I was pleased to see a shiny new brown leather briefcase left for me under the Christmas tree.

When school started after the Christmas holidays, I packed my new briefcase with all my books, and just as I was struggling to fasten the lock I thought I heard a noise like "Ouch." I took no notice, but then I was carrying my case to the bus, I heard a little voice say, "Oh dear, oh dear." Who ever was it? I stopped and looked down at my briefcase, because that was where the voice seemed to be coming from. Then I heard it again; "Oh dear, these books are too heavy." I scratched my head and stared at the case. (I wondered)

"Can a briefcase really talk?"

"It sure can, if you put too many books inside it!" came the reply.

"Oh, I'm sorry." I said, "What can I do to help you?"

"Take some of these books out, of course." said the case. "You are bursting my lock, and making my sides ache."

I took two of my big books out of the case and carried them under my arm.

"Phew!" said the case, "That feels much better."

"So sorry case," I said again, "but I really didn't know you could feel or talk."

"I sure can," answered the case, "but the trouble with you boys is that you are never quiet enough to hear."

Now I treat my briefcase as a friend. His name is Bertie. I only fill him with the books that I really need, so he will not be angry again.

JOHN EDWARDS  
– GRADE 4

## THE MAGIC PEN

One day a boy called Jim was walking along the road. He was thinking about the end of school, which was only a week away.

Suddenly, he saw a pen which was lying on the road. He ran to pick it up as fast as he could because a car was coming. Jim ran to the pen and picked it up, then he ran back to the curb. Now the pen was safe.

At school he examined the pen. To his surprise he saw little black stars on it. Something was different about that pen. Then after thinking for a while he remembered; it was a magic pen. So Jim made lots of wishes. Then he made a wish that the pen did not grant. He wished he was king.

Jim said: "Why didn't you grant my wish?"

The pen answered back, "I have not granted your wish because it is not right to wish what you are thinking. If you make that wish again, I will leave you for good, and go some other place."

But Jim paid no attention to the pen's warning and went on making selfish wishes. Finally the pen got fed up with Jim's wishes and stopped granting them.

This made Jim very angry and he said, "If you don't start granting my wishes by tomorrow, I will break you in two and throw you in the rubbish."

When the next day came, the pen had made up its mind and said, "I have decided not to grant your wishes because it would ruin my reputation."

So Jim broke the pen and threw it in the rubbish. But he kept a little piece of the pen to help him remember the pen. As for the pen, since it was magic it put itself back together, all the pieces except the piece that Jim kept. So if you should see or find a pen with stars on it and a little piece of it happens to be missing, you shall know which pen it is.

PAUL FINKEL  
– GRADE 4



# Pottery Club



LEFT TO RIGHT: Longstaff, Mrs. Nagy, Bredin, Smith, Beech, McMorris, Wood, Truelove, Weare, Johnson.

# Rifle Club



BACK ROW, Left to Right: Dickson, Shore, Morris, Mr. Beare, Webster.  
MIDDLE ROW: McGee, McMorris, Johnson, Gosko, Milne, Hammond, Wallace, Beaton.  
FRONT ROW: Heffelfinger, Dickson, Boulton, Stein, Barnes.

# CANDID CAMERA







Chem's boring. . . ?



Try Maths!



This Maths!?!?

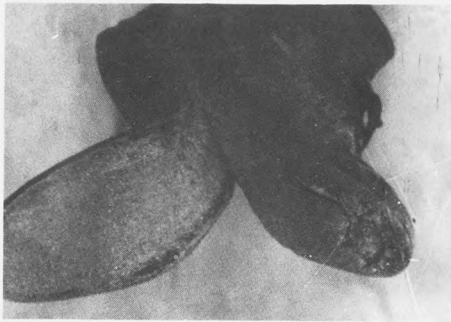


Ski - Bums



"They" get a pink belly

## The Industrious Sixth



. . . Bust!



7:46 p. m.



Vancouver or Bust! . .



Into the Valley of Branches rode. . . !



Lousy Czech Refs!



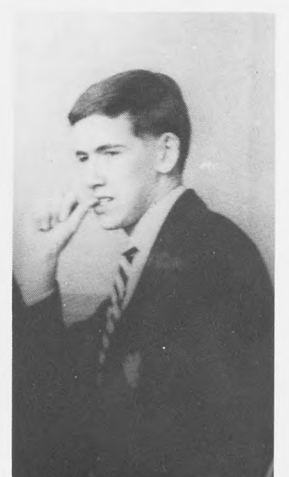
Aliens. . . ?



. . . No! Frogs!



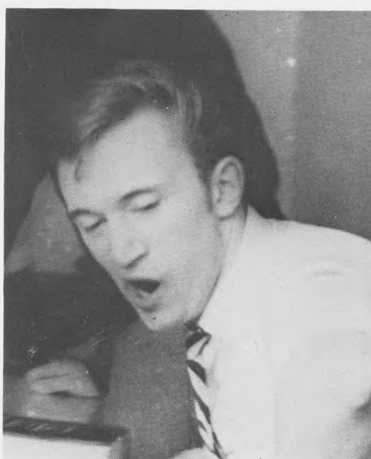
Get a haircut



Time to get another book



The Industrious Sixth??



Honk!



"Return of the Native" tomorrow



Speaks for itself



. . .of Catherine



Rrrriipp!



Rooftop attack



By a Tummy



Veg and Piggy



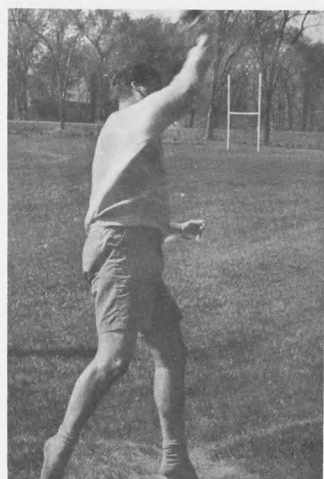
She floors me!



My God, He's still kicking!



Nose comes above lips



S.J.R.'s Margot Fonteyn

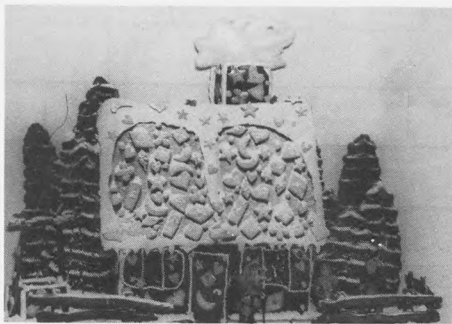


Small things amuse small minds.

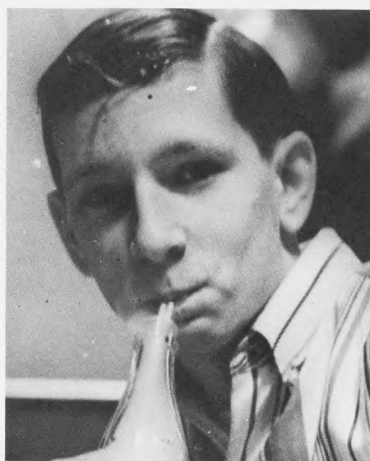


Maths again!





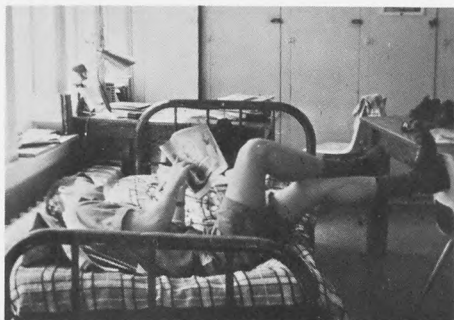
A snack



Dayboy J.P.



Co - eds



Dawson Creek deserter



1 . . 2 . . 3 . .

## Upper School



Our B.H. spy



I'll swear I'll drop them



Hardworking horse



Wall paper?



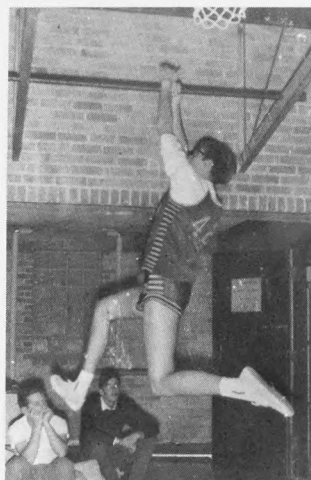
What kind of a toothbrush



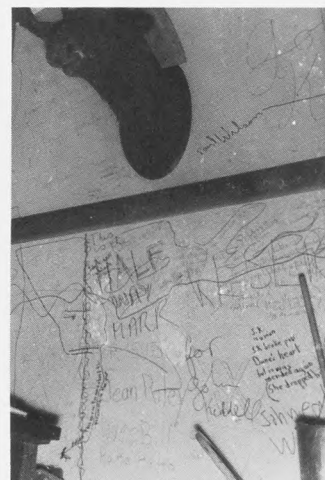
Speed kills



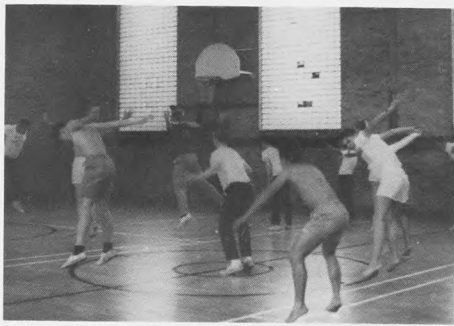
Scandals



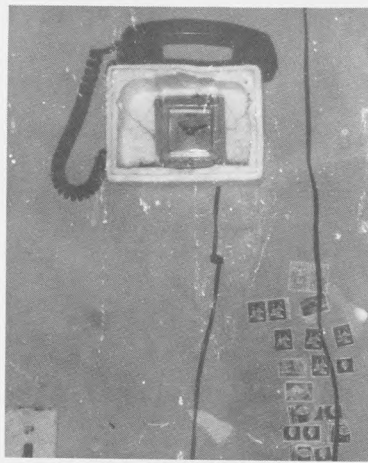
Half a chin up



Slander



"A" Squadron



A bomb



Retarded coke



Off to the races



Twang



In loving memory



So; how does it work



'course you'll like it



Dave be numble



Carnival dance



The Pied Piper



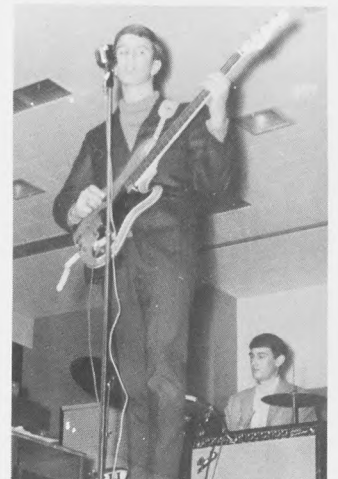
Tribal chant



Jimmy Dean Sprague

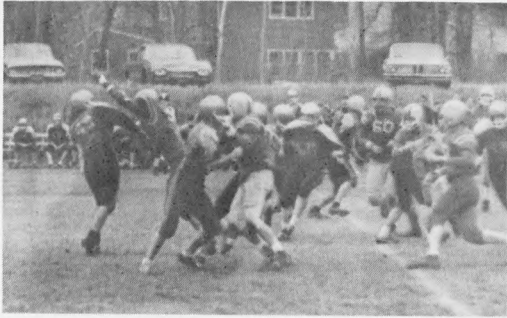


Better than grape vines

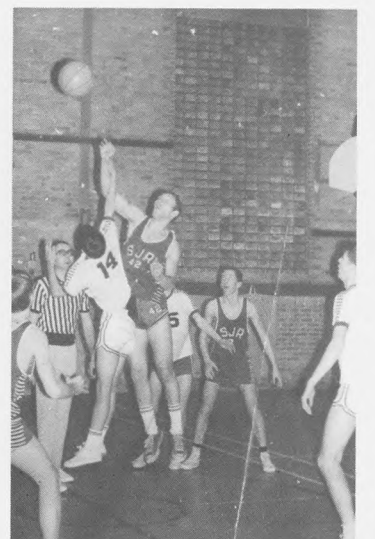
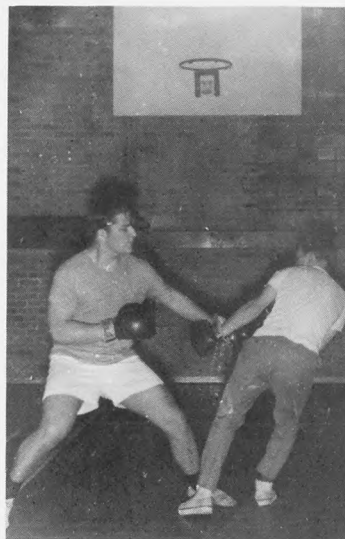
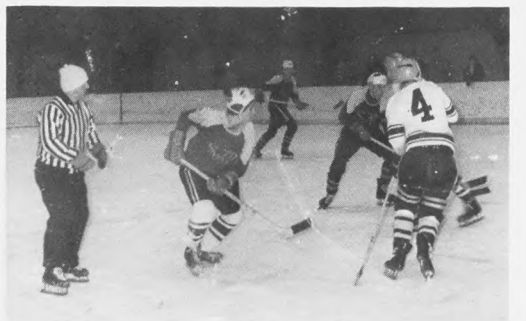
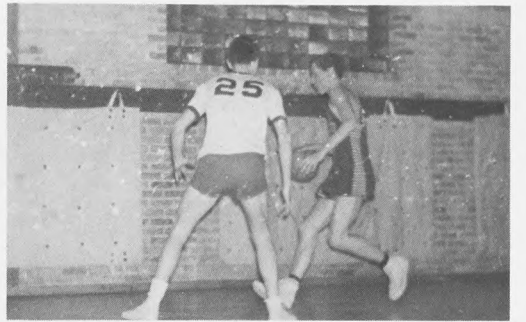


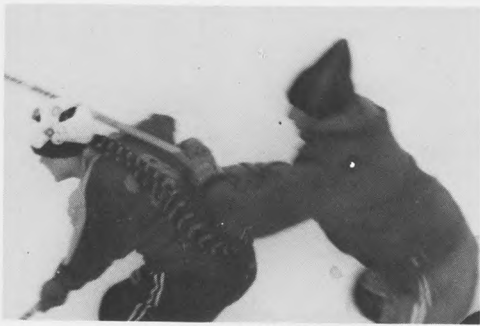
Thump



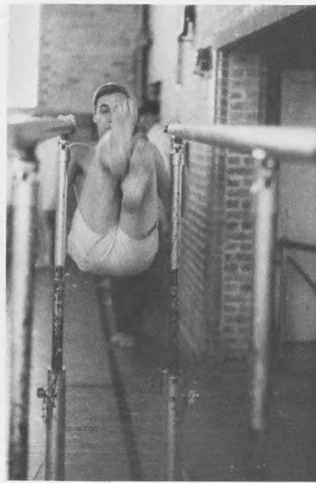


*Sports*





Dirty dibble!



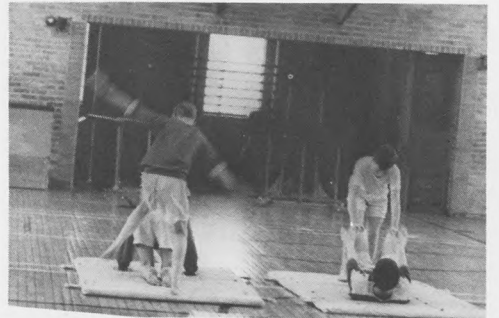
Yank



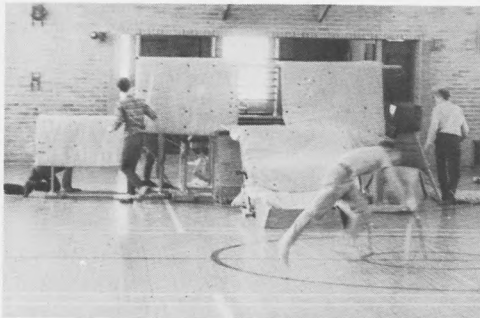
Preparing for the flood



Friends?

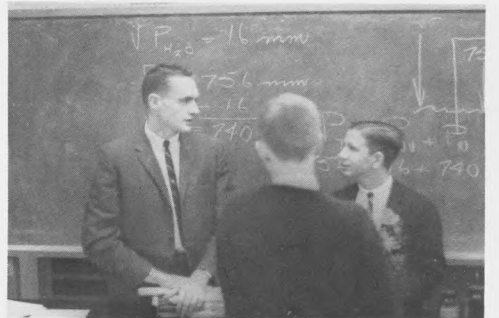


Fly much?

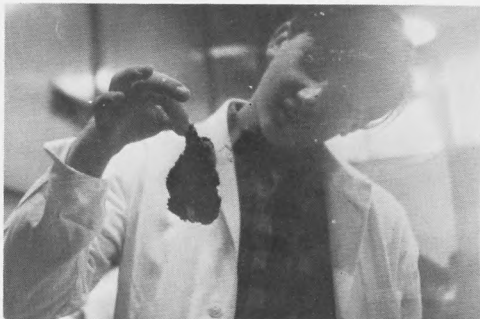


Follow the leader

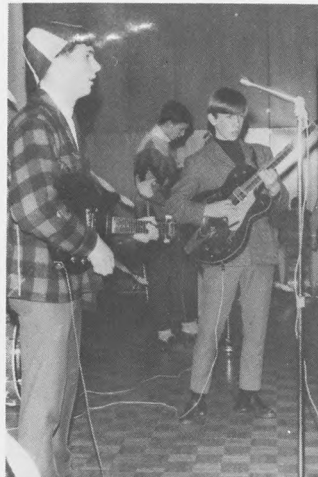
*Hash*



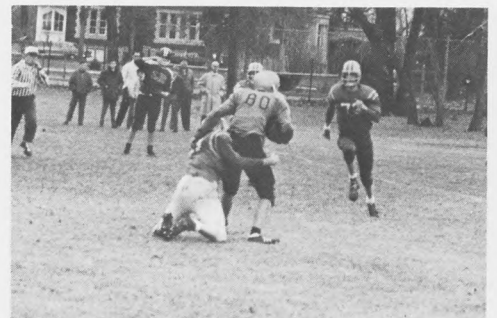
Well, I could be wrong.



It moved!



Singing the blues



Oh, oh!



Singing about Lady Chatterly



I want my money back



Sacrifice

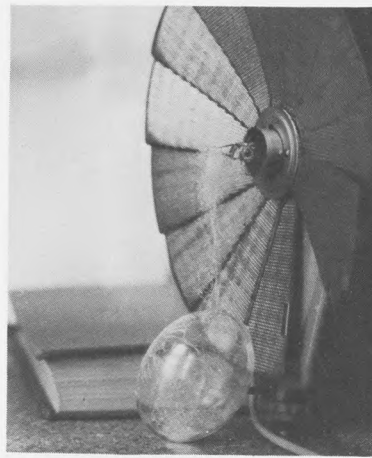


Out Truelove





Ichh! Worse than school, food



Someone didn't like his picture



Battle of the giants



Eager beaver



40 below



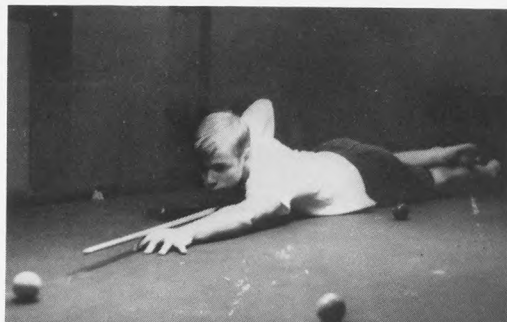
Get in there, Junker! . . .



Bid for freedom



Is he dead yet?



Sharpie shot



RRRRiiipp!



Helpful hand



Gargoylium!!



Outcast



Loading the polls



How do I get down?



I predict an ice age!



Where's my peanut butter?



I guess you wonder why I called you here. . .



You won a scholarship?



New boy on the left

## Staff



Top Brass



What's to explain



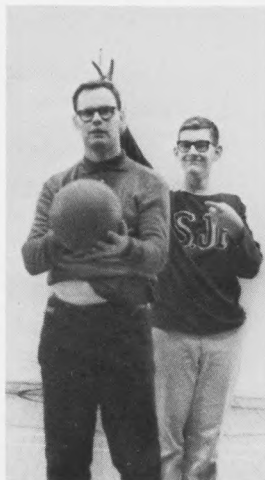
$199.7659423 \times 10^{-3}$  mm. approximately



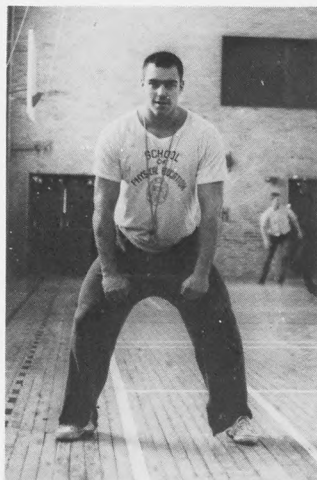
2 tablespoons of salt?



I hate boxing



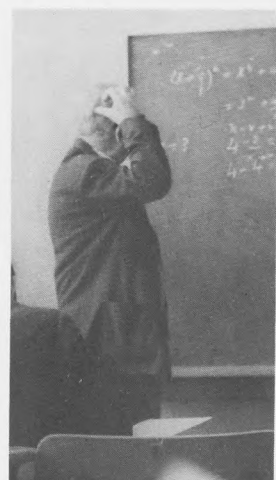
Squirrels and rabbits



Eek — eek!

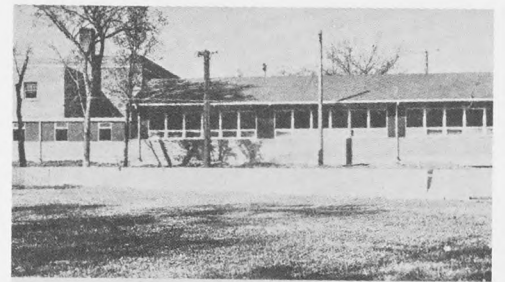
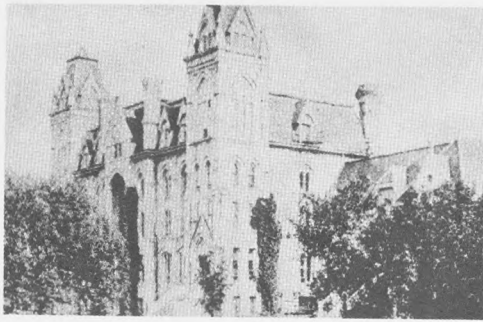


Walk much?

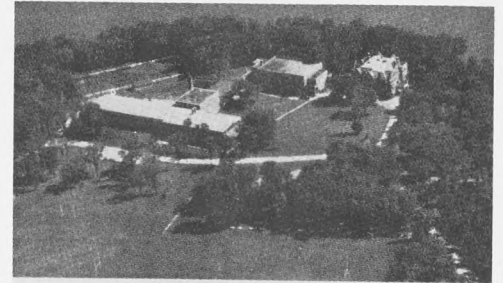


That's not right



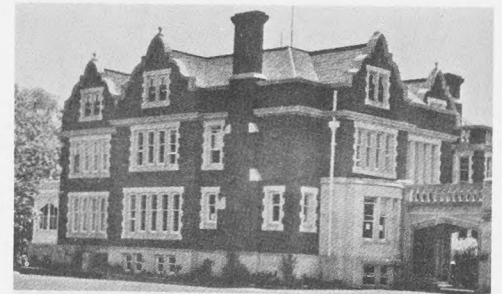
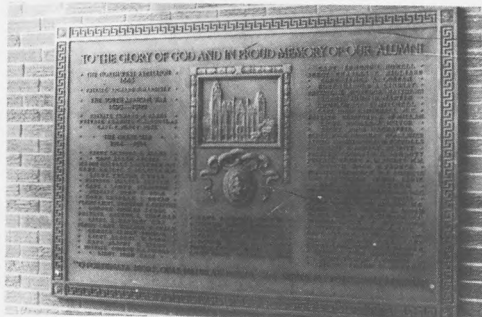


Memorial Wing Completed

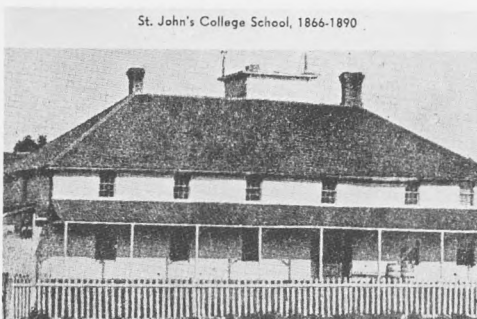


S.J.R. in 1959

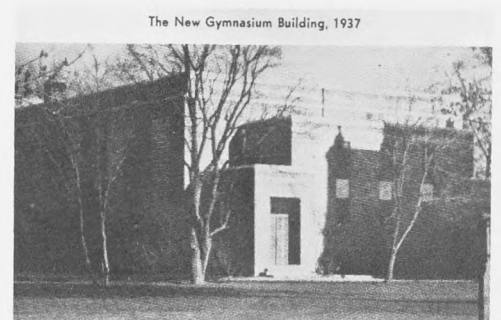
## The School 1820-1966



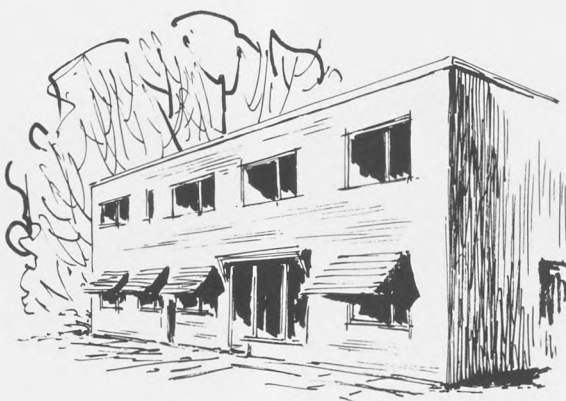
Ravenscourt, 1934



St. John's College School, 1866-1890



The New Gymnasium Building, 1937



The Red River Academy, 1833-1849



Do you like roast pork?



Yawn



Retards



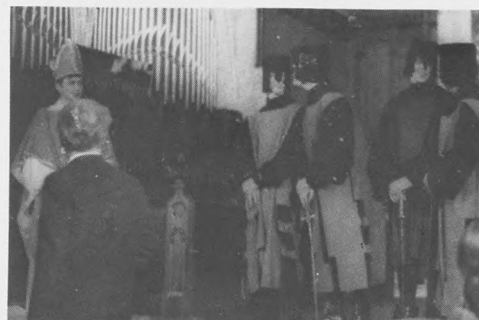
Pull up your socks



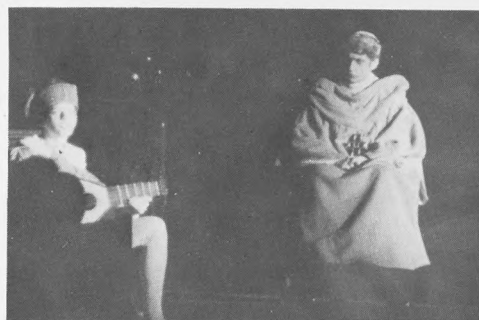
What else is up his sleeve?



They'll never learn those lines



Two minutes and slice



How do you make an F chord



Barney's helper



It grieves me to say



You see, it's this way



Sore tooth



I want to hold your hand



Abracadabra

## The Play





BACK ROW, Left to Right: Smith, Ashdown, McCreath, Searle, McIntyre, Dallas, Morris, Pinn, Woodhead, Thrasher.  
MIDDLE ROW: Young, Dunstan, Orton, McCarten, Little, Chown, Gemmell, Knowlton, Payne, Boulton, Kellett.  
FRONT ROW: Murray, Thomas, Schwartz, Jacklin, Lewis.

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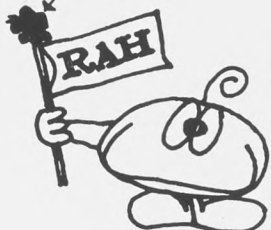


This is a garden-variety highschool student who will probably not visit the Campus Bookstore for his U. supplies until mid-September.

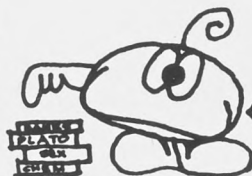


This is an approximate representation of his appearance after such a traumatic experience.

buffalo



This is an In-Type highschool student who will visit the Campus Bookstore during the summer.

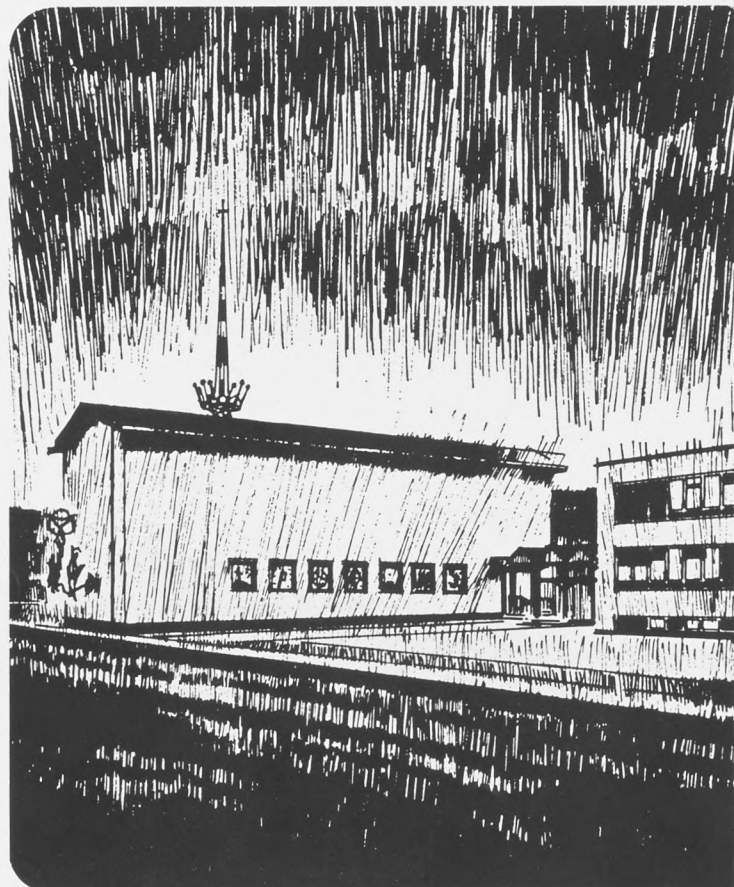


This is an approximate representation of his appearance after such a relaxing experience.

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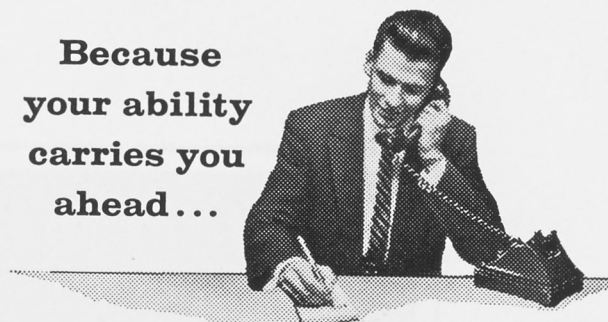
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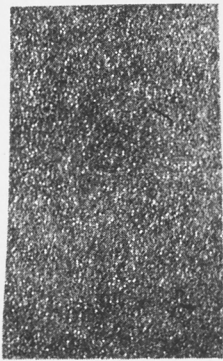
394 ACADEMY ROAD

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best wishes . . .

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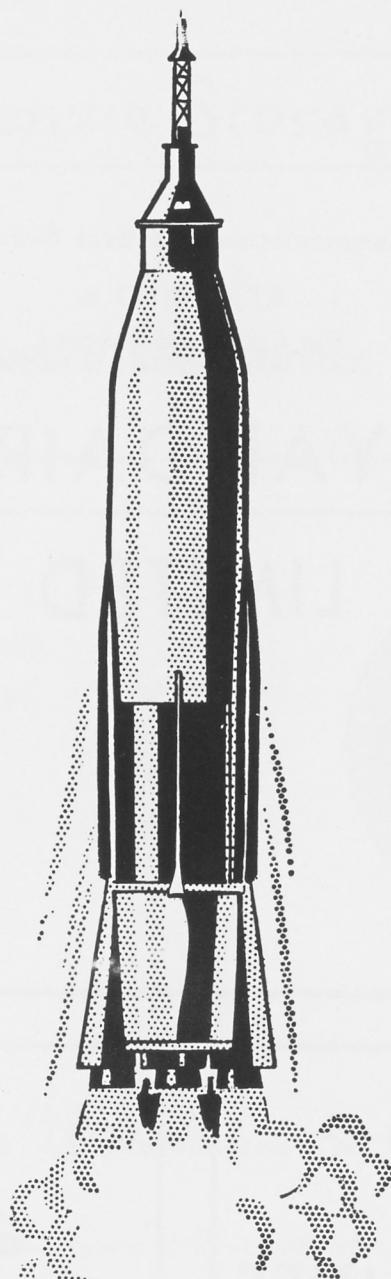
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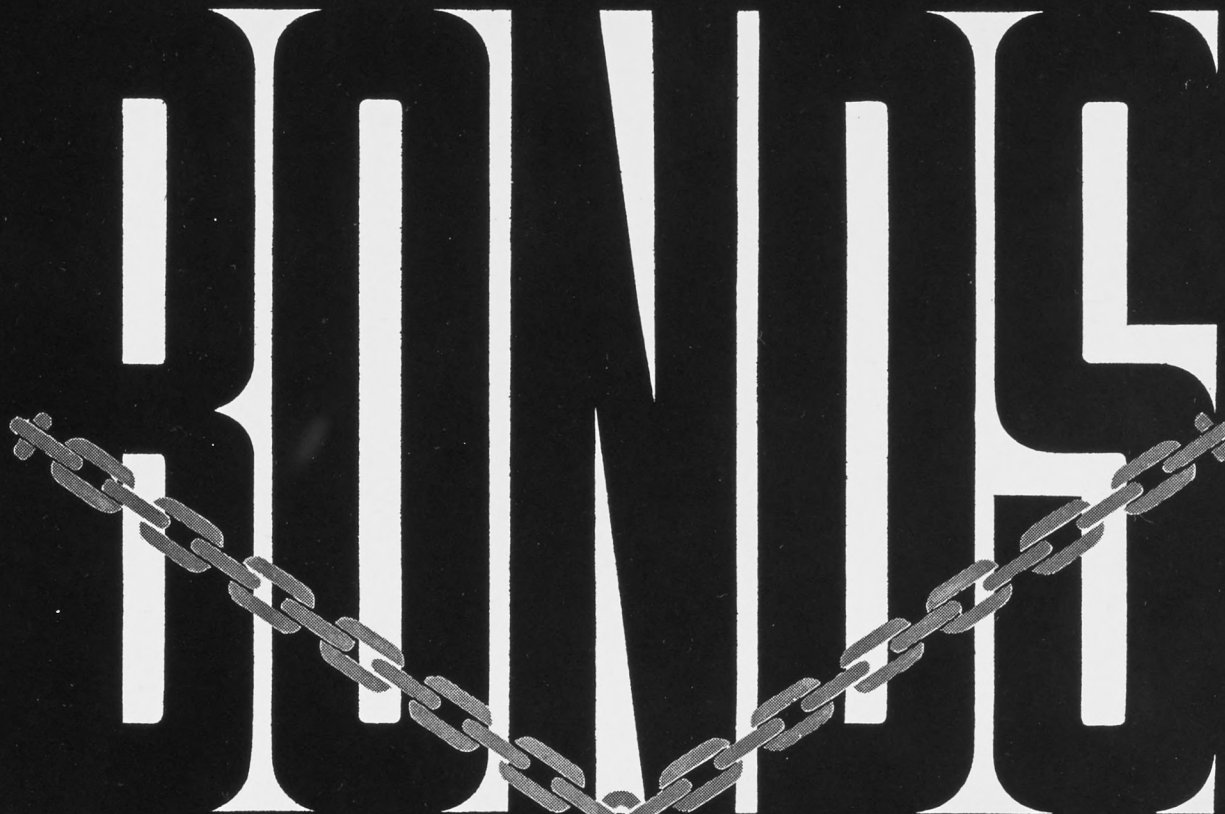
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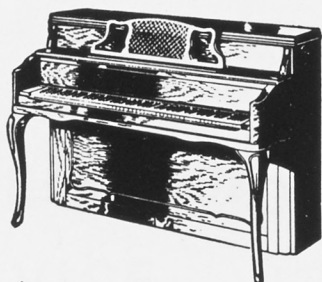
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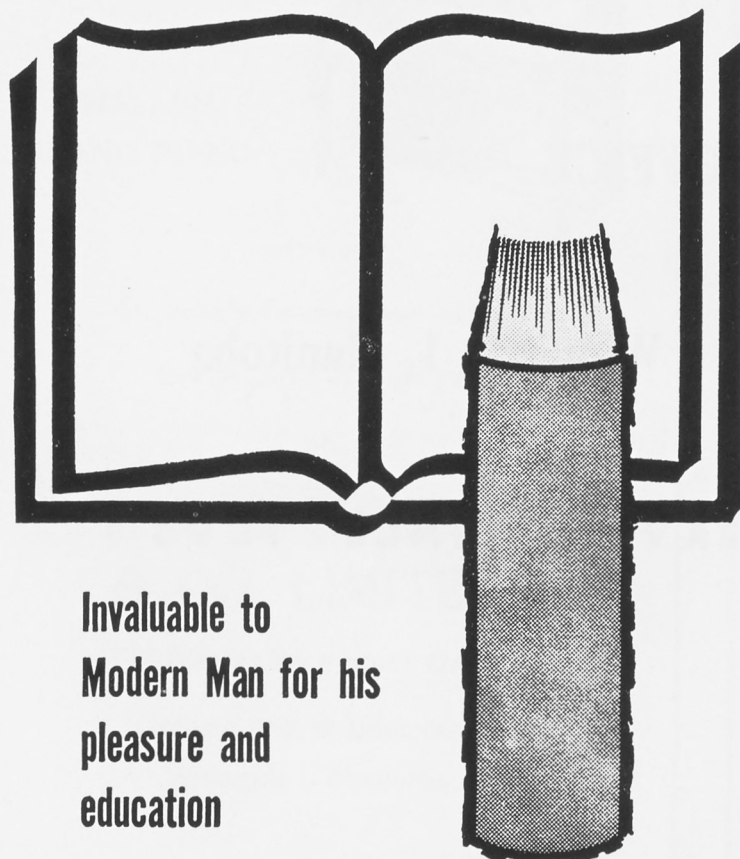
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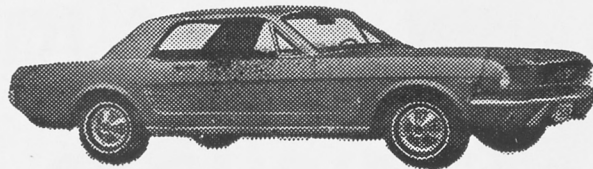
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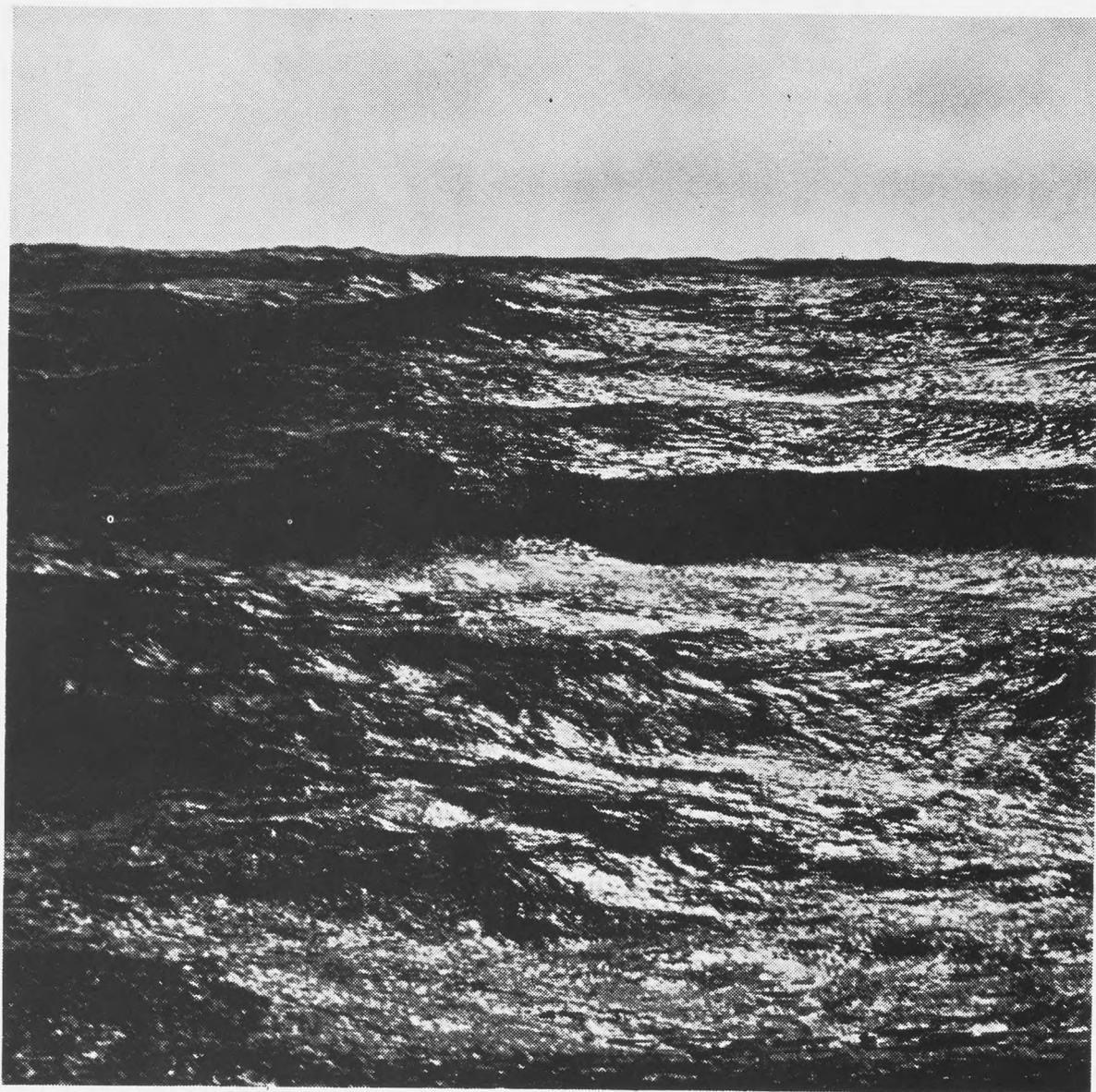
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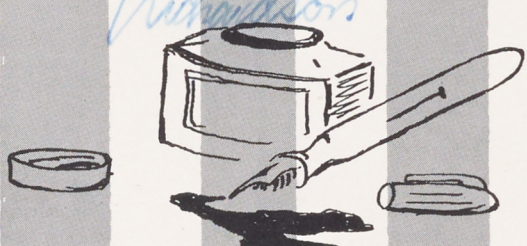
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George Miller

George Newman

Randy Richardson



Chris Hill  
beat you  
Peters  
(Coachman!)

David Edwards  
(Eddy)  
I have figured  
it out. You  
are a brain  
Good luck.

Dean Morris

P. T. Melove

PA Bear  
Autographs

Derek Ridley  
Brain!

Stuart Wood

Big Daddy R. with!  
(Singer, Clear, Good Luck)  
God. Boyd  
(Best wishes)

Glenn Milne  
inches

Robert Smith

Michael  
Morgan  
Charles

Jeffrey  
Bauer

Gerald  
Morris

John Brown  
Tim Brown

OSK Hugh  
Tucker

Ken Lushen  
the greatest  
5000 look...  
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